

LYRICS *of* LOVE

Sacred and Secular



by

REV. CHAS. R. DINKINS



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CHARLES ROUNDTREE DINKINS.

LYRICS OF LOVE

BY

Charles R. Dinkins

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INTRODUCTION.

Despite untoward environments, there are some choice spirits who, breaking "their birth's invidious bars," mount, as it were, upon eagle's wings to the sublimest heights in the realms of fiction, fancy, or fact, where Nature's God designed that only kindred souls should meet. No amount of secular or sacred training can either make or unmake such men. They are born to their stations, not made heirs to such a heritage. "The mystic bee" drops the honey of persuasion on but few tongues in the domain of eloquence. These would be eloquent whether savage or sage.

Euterpe and Polyhymnia, oft discounting the rhetorician's rules, allow but few mortal eyes "in fine frenzy rolling" to sweep from earth to heaven in striving to express the thoughts of God, and the heart of man. Among these latter few Charles R. Dinkins seems to belong. While his eyes and mine may have doubtless left some errors of rhythm or rhyme in his verses, and while our judgment may have passed over even graver faults, yet I believe this little book will profit, please, and help to sanctify those readers who admire genius, whether crude or erudite.

JOHN W. GILBERT.

PREFACE.

It is customary for one to preface his writing with a few remarks of an apologetic character. Reluctantly complying with this custom, I offer this little volume to the consideration of those who may feel disposed to join me in my humble lays, with the earnest hope that it may be to them what it has been to me—a source of real comfort and a delightful recreation. Some years ago, when I wrote my first verse, little did I think that it would result in this effort. Since then, I have written a few hundred poems and hymns, if such they are worthy to be called, and of these a few choice selections are given. I wrote not for profit, but for the real pleasure of the hour; not for the poet's fame, which is as polluting as it is perishable, except so far as it widens the field of usefulness; but I wrote rather because "I love to sit at eve alone," and sing of Thee, my Darling and Spouse.

Though the world is full of hymns, and rhymes conclude each passing hour; and though the very least of them may far surpass the best that I have written, yet few, if any, can prove more sweet to me than the very fruit of my own affection and experience. I lay no claim to genius; to learning, less; nor dare I boast a writer's gift, or penman's triumph. The critic may find many thorns, the scrupulous a briar, but he who really loves to love, a flower or two.

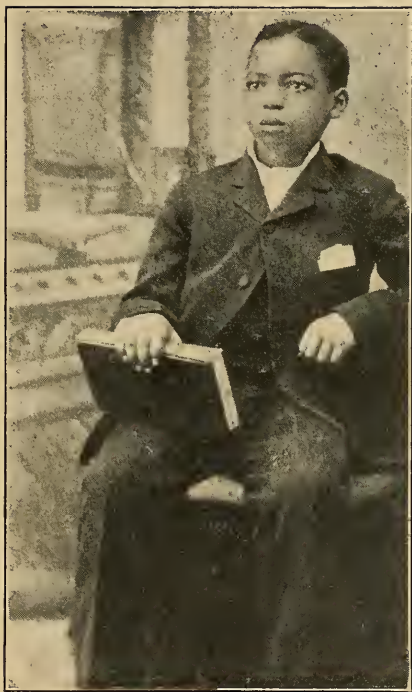
But suffice it to say that a song or poem which glorifies God and alleviates mortal woe is not born of mere human ingenuity. Those invisible visitors who come to us in forms mysterious and unseen, embracing

our sinking breasts with flame-fledged pinions bright, and breathing a message that only spirits can convey, are not "of the earth, earthy." From Nature's happy choirs there ever flow sweet anthems of ravishing delight which drown the contemplating soul in torrents of such amazing joys as mortal tongue can but express in part. For he who walks beneath Love's clearer sky, where storms roll not, nor thunders harshly speak, nor lightnings thread the air, shall listen to emollient echoes of soul-enrapturing song. There lifted up, or swooned away in blissful unconsciousness of all life's ills, he waits in cheerful expectancy, like a thirsty bird beneath a dewy bough, to catch the sweeter strains that fall from holier lips. Love's fires burn deep in the crater of the soul, and every nerve and tendon throbs with triple stroke. Electric hands sweep over the spirit's diapason, and the man is made a lyre. At times, even imperial reason nods his kingly head in sweet repose; with learning oft forgot, he drops the folded scroll of experience from his forgetful hands.

He who prunes the vine greatly increases the harvest, and richer makes the fruit. Such is the result of the friendly criticism of this volume by Prof. John Wesley Gilbert, A. M., of Paine College, Augusta, Ga., who also wrote the introduction. Whatever be the magnificence of human character—its loftiness of love—its majesty of life—it is best shown by that spirit that criticizes with kindness, counsels without crushing, and befriends without flattering. Such is the character of him named above. CHARLES R. DINKINS.

Columbia, S. C., March 10, 1904.

To Jesus and Mankind
This humble volume is lovingly dedicated
by the Author.



THE AUTHOR AS "THE BOY PREACHER"
AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

INVOCATION.

Lord of angelic nations, bright,
God of the mighty seas and skies,
Who shuts the mournful door of Night,
Who bids the gates of Day "Arise"—
Remember, Lord, Thy people here,
Our sins reprove; be not severe.

Far as Thy mercies belt the skies,
O'erarching nature's varied breeds;
Beneath, commingle weak and wise,
Companions all in crimes or creeds;
So far Thy gracious wings extend,
And shelter us, though we have sinned.

Speak not with Sinai's thunders, Lord,
Nor whip with Egypt's fiery thong,
Nor lift Vesuvius' flaming rod,
Nor lash with Etna's lava tongue.
With milder grace our sins reprove;
Remember Thy forgiving love.

Though by the flames of hell pursued,
Deliver, Lord, from threat'ning fate :
Steer safely o'er the angry flood
Thine own erected Ship of State.
With Nineveh we now repent
On knees in dust and ashes bent.

Make not our fate like pagan Rome,
Nor perished empires as of old ;
Nor let expected ages come,
And tread upon our shattered mold.
Make this Thy chosen nation, Lord,
To love Thy Law and keep Thy Word.

On caravans of steel from far
New nations travel o'er the seas ;
They come to hail each stripe and star ;
From chains they seek a moment's ease.
Make this, where pilgrim strangers rove,
A land of liberty and love.

Where floats our flag, whose emblems tell
The story of a people free,
Let choruses of freedom swell
Beyond the summit and the sea,
Till alien tribes Thy Law approve,
And join our covenant of love.

Not to the woven web of laws,
Not to the scholar's fancied dream;
But to Thy love we trust our cause,
And ponder on the sacred theme.
When laws succumb and letters fail,
Thy love, O God, shall still prevail.

How vain the miser's hoarded pile!
Our wealth lies not in treasured gain,
Nor hill where cities group and smile,
Nor harvest field, nor prairie plain;
But may our wealth forever be
True love and loyalty to Thee.

Not in our floating isles of steel,
Whose watchers guard our shores from
harm—
Whose every tow'ring mast and keel
Defies the fury of the storm;
But in Thy Law of Love, so just,
Shall be this nation's firmer trust.

Not grizzled batteries of stone,
Whose monsters crouch with look austere,
While seas majestic shout and moan,
And heave their frothy tributes near;
For none of these sufficient prove;
Our fortress is the nation's love.

Vain is the deep-eyed rifle's stare,
And vain the muffled musket's blast,
Or silver swords that pierce or tear,
Or bayonets by forgers cast :
Unless Thy arm protection give,
Death is the life the nations live.

Shall we on savage arms improve
To bid defiance to the seas?
And trust the sword, but doubt Thy love,
And with our flag pollute the breeze?
Lord, may we, to Thy love resigned,
Be unto heathen sinners kind.

We chain the lightning fast to earth,
And, harnessed well in steel and wire,
It draws the trains of toil and mirth—
A living messenger of fire.
So rich and wise, still sins improve;
When shall Thy people learn to love!

With peace abroad and war at home,
We glory in our cherished shame :
Our vessels manned, o'er seas we roam,
Our foes we bless, our friends we blame !
Forgive Thine erring people, Lord,
Who lynch at home and love abroad !

With holy zeal to heathen lands,
We run to kiss those far away ;
Then turn with frantic heart and hands
On these at home, to burn and flay.
Yet, Lord, forgive ! remove the stain,
Nor brand us with the curse of Cain.

With skill we weave our crooked laws
Which free the knave and lash the poor,
With none to help or plead their cause,
While Justice drives them from his door !
Let Love prevail with Justice now,
While at his shrine Thy people bow.

O, teach us, Lord, in spite of strife,
As one to live, as one to die ;
Bound by the higher law of life—
With Jonathan and David's tie :
United, let our interest prove
DIVINEST BROTHERHOOD OF LOVE !

Bid strife depart and warring cease ;
The bone of vile contention move ;
Let all our fortresses be peace,
And all our bulwarks, Lord, be love—
While harvests smile from plain and hill,
And all our humble wants fulfill.

Lord, make us one great nation, strong,
Yet each his race distinction hold ;
But one in love, in toil, in song,
With Christ the Shepherd of the fold :
Our rulers bless, their hearts make wise
To keep Thine earthly paradise.

Make peace Thy people's lasting boon,
And virtue, Lord, the nation's pride ;
Then make our day an endless noon,
Nor let its sun in darkness hide :
Let Glory write on every brow,
DIVIDED ONCE ; UNITED NOW.

With vice and anarchy destroyed,
And the assassins turned to saints ;
With liberty by all enjoyed,
Let happy song succeed complaints ;
With love to reign at Justice bar,
Let peace disperse the gloom of war.

Then call our weary warriors home—
To nurse the dull camp-fire no more—
Nor pace to notes of fife or drum,
For peace prevails from shore to shore—
To bivouac now with those they love,
From mother, wife, no more to rove.

Call home our wandering navies, too,
 Weary of warfare and the waves ;
No more let brother sailors view
 Their brethren sink to watery graves ;
To home recall the lost marines,
Where rage no more the stormy scenes.

One country, East, or West, or North,
 Or South, or classes high or low ;
And one great army marching forth
 Who only ONE GREAT UNION know !
One people home, and one abroad,
Whose God and Sovereign is the LORD !

LYRICS OF LOVE.

“Thy Works Shall Praise Thee.”

All things a beam of glory shed,
And all to God a hymn compose :
In every leaf His love is read—
His mercy smiles in every rose.

The theme of Night's ten thousand choirs,
Affirms Thy love to sinners far ;
While Nature, with her million lyres,
Sends back reply to every star.

Loud from the smiling lips of Day,
Come sweetest praises to Thy name :
A song is sung by every ray—
A cheering note by every beam.

Black moving clouds o'er clouds prevail,
Which by Jehovah's breath are driven ;
And on their dark and stormy trail,
The lightnings write His love in heaven.

Dread thunders vie with thunders dread,
And praise Him in their notes of wrath,
Who hangs the rainbow o'er His head,
And spans the storm's well-beaten path.

Deep rolling seas their billows heave,
And chant a thousand solemn lays,
And on the trackless oceans leave
Their anthems of eternal praise.

Wake, mortals! sing Love's wondrous lay,
While Nature all her powers engage—
While singing Night and smiling Day
Repeat the song from age to age!

Omniscient Love.

Far as this vast expanse is spread,
God's loving eyes survey:
Where'er our feeble footsteps tread,
He watches on the way.

The universe a volume lies
Wide open to His gaze;
And still He looks with loving eyes
On every heart of praise.

He listens to the thunders loud,
And to our whispers low :
He hears the boasting of the proud—
The orphan's cry of woe.

The music of ten thousand choirs
Attracts Him none the more
Than does the heart of pure desires,
Or groaning of the poor.

A million threads of sacred laws
About His hand entwine :
Angelic tribes to Him He draws—
He draws this heart of mine.

He loves the pure and the defiled,
The mighty and the faint ;
He loves the cherub and the child—
The seraph and the saint.

Unnumbered worlds in distant flight
Swing pendant on His arms ;
There, too, my soul hangs with delight,
And laughs at hell's alarms.

The sinner may approach His feet,
While angels, too, surround :
Oh ! what a happy place to meet
Where pardon free is found !

More brightly than the soothing morn,
Which bids the night recede,
Upon the humble heart forlorn,
He smiles in time of need.

He cheers the troubled nations all,
And soothes the infant's fright :
He marks the little sparrow's fall,
And views the cherub's flight.

He fills the oceans to their brim,
And chains them to the shore ;
And so the soul that dwells in Him
Can roam afar no more.

He sees the flight of all the spheres,
And numbers every gem :
The cradled infant's cry He hears,
Observing each of them.

Deep in the fiery track of hell
His awful frowns reprove,
While myriads at His footstool tell
The wonders of His love.

With such a God and Father too,
May we not feel secure ;
Nor fear what death and hell may do,
Though clouds our path obscure ?

The shining kingdoms cannot hold
The Presence we esteem ;
For in the heart with love untold,
He dwells but to redeem.

The Wondrous Babe.

Sing, O bright heralds of the morn,
"Good news" to all creation cry ;
Till shepherds on the plain forlorn
Receive Thy message from the sky.
Bid sin's engrossing gloom retreat,
While angels shout the wondrous theme ;
Tread down the night with shining feet
Around the Babe of Bethlehem.

Let all the stars their luster pour,
And let the moon increase her light ;
While all the seas, from shore to shore,
Proclaim, the Lord is born tonight.
Let hills and plains resound the lay,
And join with every smiling gem ;
Tell to the world just ere the day
That Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Ye sinking isles from slumber wake,
Repeat the chorus of the star,
Till the angelic anthems break
On all Thy nations now afar.
Sing, heathen tribes! ye sages, sing!
The Lord shall all the earth redeem;
With grateful hearts a tribute bring,
And praise the Babe of Bethlehem.

Sing, too, ye listless dead, and tell
The love and power of thy God;
For yet a while and ye shall dwell
No more beneath the frozen clod.
Nor shall the grave with terrors fright;
Lo! all must now succumb to Him;
Lo! death and hell are put to flight
By Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem.

When Thou the parching scroll shall rend,
While hills depart and seas consume;
Rise up in judgment, Lord, descend,
And burst the shackles of the tomb.
Cyclones and storms to song shall break,
While lightnings fringe His diadem—
While thunders after thunders speak,
And praise the Babe of Bethlehem.

Have You No Room for Jesus?

Have you no room for Jesus
To dwell within your heart?
Should sinful pleasures seize us,
And force Him to depart?
O, why not now receive Him?
How dare you bid Him go?
Have you no room to give Him?
Why drive Him from thy door?

No room for your dear Savior,
To spread a feast of love?
Why show Him such behavior—
Your Friend from heaven above?
Though often from thee driven,
He waiteth still to bless—
To speak thy sins forgiven—
To bring thee happiness.

Unheeded long and slighted,
He knocketh at thy door:
Poor soul in sin benighted,
Bid Him depart no more.
With humble heart believing,
O, trust His love today;
He comes, free pardon giving,
Just let Him have His way.

O, bid Him "Welcome", "Enter",
And He will make thee glad ;
He loves to bless the sinner
Whose heart is lone and sad.
With bleeding hands He's standing,
Still knocking at thy heart ;
With tender love demanding,
Why bid me now depart ?

But if you still reject Him,
And will not give Him room,
Some day you will expect Him,
But He will never come.
Soon at the gates of heaven
You'll knock in doubt and sin ;
To hell you shall be driven,
Unless you let Him in.

Triumphal March to Glory.

Hosts of hell, stand back before us,
Jesus is our Captain, strong :
With His banners lifted o'er us,
With triumphal shout and song—
We are marching
On to join the heavenly throng.

World, thou canst no more allure us,
Wealth, we scorn thy charming snare;
Death, in vain thou shalt pursue us,
Greedy grave, thy victory where?
On to glory,
We will follow Jesus there.

Chilly stream, thy troubled waters
Shall delay us here no more;
Part, while Zion's sons and daughters
Shout their happy crossing o'er:
Land of Canaan,
We are near thy golden shore.

Watchmen on the towers of glory,
See, the ransomed hosts are near;
Lo, we sing a wondrous story,
Lo, we come to enter there:
Captain Jesus!
We are marching in the rear.

“Who are they in white robes coming?
With what love their faces shine!
And the heavenly hills alarming
With a glorious theme divine?”
Jesus answers,
“Hear, ye heavens! these are mine!

“Mine, redeemed through tribulation,
Mine, with garments washed in blood;
They are children of salvation,
They the powers of hell withstood;
They are worthy,
Lo! they are the heirs of God!”

Dust to Dust.

Great Mother of this withered dust,
We now return thy child;
These relics hold in sacred trust,
Till all are reconciled.

Unfold thine arms; receive thine own,
And keep the treasured clay
Where neither pains nor toil are known,
Nor frightful passions play.

Ne'er can the foe's keen arrows pierce
Thy bosom now—so calm;
The grim array of battles fierce
Shall thee no more alarm.

Though o'er thy grave the strife may rage,
Unhallowed feet may tread;
But none shall call thee to engage,
Nor trouble thee with dread.

Peace is thy better portion now,
And thy possession, rest;
No cares can discompose thy brow,
Nor fears disturb thy breast.

But scenes of sweet, immortal bliss,
Thy purer eyes discern:
Thy soul shall live in righteousness,
Though dust to dust return.

How real the joys which here below
You sought by faith so long!
How sweet the bliss thy soul shall know!
How sweeter still thy song!

Oh! could we part the veil and see
What pleasures, all thine own,
We'd gladly sleep in death with thee,
And bid the world, Begone.

Not long hast thou to slumber here,
For soon the trump shall sound,
And Christ Himself shall soon appear,
With all His angels round.

Shiloh.

Behold ! Shiloh is come to earth ;
He's born in Bethlehem :
The star that marks his humble birth
Shall deck His diadem.

Departing from the Court above,
He laid aside His crown ;
And angels marveled at His love,
As Jesus started down.

As He approached the gates, ajar,
The bright seraphic choir
Joined in the chorus of the star,
And smote their harps of fire.

Each tongue and harp flung forth the strain,
So sweet to sinners still—
Resounding from Elysian plain,
And from the heavenly hill.

Down Umbra's steeps they made their way,
While blushing darkness fled ;
The news to earth they did convey,
And thus the tidings read :

"All glory be to God most high,
And peace to all mankind.
Go, shepherds, to the manger fly !
And your Salvation find."

“Good news! good news!” the minstrel cried,
Come, sinner, see the sight;
Be not afraid nor terrified,
The Lord is born this night.

The stillness of the night was broke
By swift seraphic wing,
Whose pinion made, at every stroke,
The vaults of glory ring.

The Lord is come! let Juda yield
The scepter to His hand;
O'er all creation let Him wield,
And let Him take command.

The Wonderful.

The Lamb is wonderful indeed,
To stand our bond above,
When none would for the sinner plead
In the high Court of Love.

When all the worlds were searched in vain,
And searching, none could find
A ransom to remove the stain
Of sin from all mankind;

When back to God the searchers came,
Exhausted in their flight;
With wing they hid in holy shame
Their guiltless faces bright;

“Whom shall we send, and who will go,
Salvation to provide?”
The angels drooped their pinions low,
“Unworthy!” all replied.

Not one would face the fiery Law;
All shrank in silence there;
E’en Michael stood in speechless awe,
And Gabriel would not dare.

I wept when there could none be found,
To make salvation free;
Till lo! a Lamb, with glory crowned,
Said, “Here am I; send me!”

Oh! that ten thousand harps were mine,
To sing the joys I feel—
To sing of all His love divine,
Who broke for me the seal.

Lo! sinners, see the wondrous sight—
Thy Savior’s smiling face!
How wonderful in glory, bright—
In peace and pardoning grace!

He's wonderful in love to sway,
 Us rebels to forgive;
 He bade the sword of Justice stay,
 And let the sinner live.

The Heavenly Child.

Unto us a Child is born;
 Unto us a Son is given:
 Wake to joy ye hearts that mourn,
 Hail the Prince of Peace from heaven.

He is given to retrieve
 Every sinner from despair:
 Soul, awake! in Christ believe,
 His redeeming glory share.

He is given to my heart,
 Healing Balm of peace and rest;
 Naught can bid my joys depart,
 While He reigneth in my breast.

He is given, saving Power,
 To protect the little flock;
 In the dark and trying hour,
 Flee and hide in Him, the Rock.

He is given here beneath—
Unto all believers given :
He's our strong defense in death,
And our endless life in heaven.

Victorious King.

King! come down; Thy work is finished;
Hang no longer on the tree:
Ancient glory undiminished,
New-won praise await for Thee:
I adore Thee,
Though forsaken on the tree.

King! old hell is fast retreating,
Lo, thou art the victor now;
Feebly though Thy heart is beating,
Though Thy head in death must bow—
Crowns of glory
Shall adorn Thy wounded brow.

King! sink into death's dark regions,
Back to life Thy ransomed bring;
Smite and scatter all his legions,
Rob the monster of his sting:
Easter morning,
Thou shalt rise victorious, King.

King! the gates of hell are yielding,
 They no more Thy power withstand :
 Over death Thy scepter wielding,
 Hold their keys in Thy right hand :
 Thou hast conquered,
 Rise, O King! and take command.

King, awake! the morn is breaking,
 Sleep no longer with the dead ;
 From the tomb its terrors taking,
 Death is now a captive led :
 He is risen !
 Christ is risen from the dead !

King! Thy saints around Thee bending,
 Casting palms about Thy way,
 Each a diadem extending—
 With what rapture now they say :
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus is our King today !

“Let All the Angels Worship Him.”

Hear! O, ye tall archangels, hear !
 Ye seraph throng obey ;
 Let all of every rank and tier
 Fall at His feet today.

Ye Elders, nearest to the throne,
Do homage to Him now;
And thus adore the Holy One;
Make bare your heads and bow.

Bow down, ye shining armies near,
And all His glory tell;
Your faces veil in holy fear
Before Immanuel.

In awe extend your wing of flame,
His praises still repeat;
To all His wondrous love proclaim,
And kiss His wounded feet.

Through distant worlds in rapture fly,
And tell the tidings there;
O, sing His praises all on high,
And then to sinners here.

Down through the deep, dark vaults of hell,
Let your loud anthems ring;
To the rebellious armies tell
That Jesus is our King.

Join in His praise, ye reconciled,
Ye saints who know His love;
Ye nations great, ye heathens wild,
With all the hosts above.

Hasten, O coronation day,
When all the ransomed dead
Shall spring triumphant from the clay,
And crown his wounded head.

My Beloved.

Lord Jesus, how I love Thee!
Thy precious name, how sweet!
To better things it moves me,
And makes my joys complete.
Thy presence sweet and balmy
Is so delightful here;
Mid all this life, so stormy,
'Tis heaven to feel Thee near.

Lord Jesus, I surrender,
And yield to love divine;
Nor life nor death can hinder
My heart from joining Thine.
All, all the world forsaking,
Of things though dear to me;
Since of Thy love partaking,
I quit them all for Thee.

Lord Jesus, I will serve Thee,
Though weak, and worn, and faint;
And nothing here shall swerve me—
Of nothing bring complaint.

I will, dear Lord, adore Thee,
For all Thy grace and love;
And nothing put before Thee,
And nothing lift above.

Lord Jesus, lead me ever,
Through darkness, woe or gloom;
And guide me o'er the river,
To my eternal home.
And all I want in heaven,
Of all its joys divine,
Just say, "My child, forgiven,
Forever thou art mine."

His Funeral.

Come, ye disciples, see!
Down from the Roman tree
Thy Lord is torn:
See how they pierced His side.
O sacred fountain, wide,
Whence flows a crimson tide
For all that mourn.

We gaze with inward pain
On the Immortal Slain,
And shrink with dread:

Deep from our hearts of woe,
As to the tomb we go—
Faith sees a star, although
The Lord is dead.

Take from His hallowed brow—
So rent and wounded now—
The cruel crown :
While here in sorrow deep,
Though much we sigh and weep,
In life's last solemn sleep
We lay Him down.

The sun is setting fast ;
The dreadful day is past
Of woe and gloom :
Though like a withered flower,
He droopeth for an hour ;
Still He shall rise in power—
Up from the tomb.

The stars, though once forlorn,
The solemn pomp of morn,
In glory breaks.
Asleep the soldiers fall,
While two archangels, tall,
The stone away they roll ;
The Lord awakes.

He moves the startled skies,
While mountains sink and rise,
And Nature bends.
With hell defeated, fled,
With death a captive led,
Triumphant from the dead
The Lord ascends!

Some One Must Stand Up for Jesus.

Some one must stand up for Jesus,
Some one must go and obey;
Some one must follow Him gladly,
Some one must serve Him today.

Chorus.

Some one, some one,
Some one must stand up for Jesus:
Some one, some one,
Some one must serve Him today.

Some one must suffer for Jesus,
Bearing the burden and blame;
Sharing the cross with Him daily,
Wearing the laurel of shame.

Some one must follow the Savior,
Holding His banner unfurled;
Bearing the scorns of the wicked,
Braving the frowns of the world.

Some one must witness for Jesus,
Telling His mercies to all—
Unto the tribes and the nations,
Bidding them come at His call.

Some one must die for the Savior,
Yielding up life and its toys;
Shouting to hear him commanding,
“Enter my heavenly joys.”

Should the Savior Come Tonight.

Should the Savior come tonight,
Would He find me ready now,
Waiting for my robe of white,
Ready at His feet to bow?
Would I shrink, His presence shunning,
Or rejoice to see the sight?
Could I welcome His returning,
Should the Savior come tonight?

Chorus.

Should the Savior come tonight,
Should the Savior come tonight,
Could I welcome His returning,
Should the Savior come tonight?

Should the Savior come tonight,
Seated on His judgment throne,
Would he find me robed in white,
Or a naked wretch, undone?
Would I dread the trumpet's sounding,
Or rejoice with great delight?
Could I shout with those surrounding,
Should the Savior come tonight?

Should the Savior come tonight,
Would He find me on the field,
Standing bravely by the right,
Or a coward fit to yield?
Would He find me still neglecting,
Or engaged in this great fight?
What reward am I expecting,
Should the Savior come tonight?

Should the Savior come tonight,
What would the poor sinner do?
Would you seek for guilty flight,
While His flaming sword pursue?
Would you shout to hail the vision,
Would you faint with guilty fright?
What would 'be the great decision,
Should the Savior come tonight?

Should the Savior come tonight,
With the rainbow on His brow,

Shaking earth in His great might,
 Bidding hills and mountains bow ;
Mid the parting heavens burning,
 Saints assembling on His right ;
I would shout at His returning,
 Welcome, Savior ! come tonight !

Who Is Like My Beloved?

Jesus, who on earth is like Thee,
 Who can vie with Thee above ?
Who of friends can prove so faithful ?
 Who's so wonderful in love ?

Chorus.

There is none like Thee, my Savior,
 None whose voice can call like Thine ;
None whose love is so engaging,
 None whose look is so divine.

Thou, my Chief among ten thousand,
 Thou, my altogether Fair,
Thou, my sinful heart arousing
 With what love !—beyond compare.

Brighter than the Sons of Morning,
 Higher than archangels tall ;
Heaven and earth can find none like Thee,
 My Belov'd is best of all.

In the presence of my Savior,
Life is pleasant where I rove ;
And in spite of pain and sorrow,
'Tis a paradise of love.

Death nor hell cannot deter me ;
Never shall I dread the tomb,
If my soul can only hear Thee :
"Come, My well-beloved, come !"

Thou Knowest, Lord, I Love Thee.

Thou knowest, Lord, I love Thee
Than all this life more dear ;
There's none in heaven above Thee,
And none so precious here.
Far more than earthly pleasures
Of things that charm and please,
Of all their richest treasures—
I love Thee more than these.

Thou knowest, Lord, I'll serve Thee,
While love directs the way,
While Thy dear look observes me,
Lest I should go astray.
Though cumbered oft with sorrow,
'Midst storm and wintry blast ;
The thought of sweet tomorrow
Consoles my heart at last.

Thou knowest, Lord, I'll praise Thee,
And never blush with shame :
High as the heavens I'll raise Thee,
Thy love to all proclaim.
Thy glory ! O, how wondrous !
Thy mercy ! how divine !
I'll sing the blessed chorus,
With full salvation mine.

Thou knowest, Lord, I love Thee,
I'll gladly feed Thy sheep ;
Since oft Thy rod reproves me,
Thy little lambs I'll keep.
I quit my worldly craving,
The sinful greed of gold ;
I go, the wounded saving,
And bring them to Thy fold.

If No One Loves Me but Jesus.

If no one loves me but Jesus,
If no one cheers me below ;
I shall rejoice in His mercy ;
He will be faithful, I know.

Chorus.

Though often forlorn and forsaken,
Toiling so wearily here ;
I shall be lovingly taken
Into His bosom so dear.

If no one helps me but Jesus
In the hard struggles of life,
I shall be faithful and serve Him,
I shall be victor o'er strife.

If no one calls me but Jesus,
Cheerily bidding me come,
I shall go shouting to heaven.
I shall be welcome at home.

If no one knows me but Jesus
In the bright city of love,
I will shout "Glory!" forever,
Vying with angels above.

Longing for the Lord.

When will the Lord return and take
His anxious children home?
When will He bid His Bride awake,
No more on earth to roam?

Through ages of relentless grief,
Midst sorrow, want and fears,
We've waited long for our relief,
And watched through veils of tears.

The pelting rain and lashing storm
Have made our passage hard ;
Defiant still of hell's alarm,
We wait for our reward.

Heart-rent and faint and sick with woe,
Yet not discouraged here—
For the believing children know
Some day He will appear.

Ravaged by death, diseases dire,
This hope we still retain :
That He shall, with His heavenly choir,
Return to earth again.

Soon at the gate He shall appear,
And ready to descend ;
While every eye shall view Him near,
And every knee shall bend.

Sinners ! pray tell what will ye do,
And whither will ye fly,
When you the King of Glory view,
Descending from the sky ?

My soul, enraptured with the sight,
Shall shout to see Him there,
And join with all the saints in white,
To meet Him in the air.

Till then we'll watch and wait and sing,
While here by faith we roam.
Thy children want to see the King,
Make haste, O Lord, and come!

His Sacred Name.

Jesus! the sweetness of Thy name
Is all our hearts' desire;
It kindles Love's immortal flame
And sets the soul on fire.

No other name like Thine is found,
So mighty to redeem;
Since first I heard the charming sound
I can't forget the theme.

It lightens toil and sweetens care,
From pain it grants respite;
It makes the midnight of despair
A heavenly morning bright.

What joy it gives, what peace it brings,
What bliss it doth impart!
O, that Thy name, Thou King of Kings,
Were graven on my heart!

My soul would into hell immerge,
Without Thy precious name ;
And life would be a funeral dirge,
And end in lasting shame.

But with Thy name to sinners known—
The pledge of love divine—
I challenge Justice at the throne,
And claim salvation mine.

Though hell with all her crew assail,
Or death inject his sting,
I'll shout Thy name in this dark vale
Triumphantly, and sing :

My Savior lives forevermore,
And at the latter day
He'll open the sepulchral door,
And bid me fly away.

Immanuel.

God is with us in the manger,
Lo, what tidings angels tell!
Welcome ! welcome, Heavenly Stranger !
Welcome, dear Immanuel !
Welcome, dear Immanuel !

God is with us. On to conquest.
Soldiers, let us take the field:
When we're weakest He is strongest,
How the powers of hell do yield!
How the powers of hell do yield!

God is with us. Up and working
Humbly at His blest command;
Though mid dangers round us lurking,
Nothing shall His power withstand,
Nothing shall His power withstand.

God is with us; shout His glory,
Like the Sons of God of old,
Like the Morning Stars, the story
Sing with all thy harps of gold;
Sing with all thy harps of gold.

God is with us at the river
As we pass to Canaan's shore,
To that bright and sweet forever.
Death is but the crossing o'er;
Death is but the crossing o'er.

God is with us: no more driven,
We shall in His kingdom dwell,
Shouting with the hosts of heaven:
Hail, Thou great Immanuel!
Hail, Thou great Immanuel!

The Wandering Dove.

Come home, my soul, thou wandering dove,
Back to thine Ark and rest ;
Fly to the bosom of His love—
The Savior's waiting breast.

Rove not afar in regions cold,
But quit the chilly waste ;
Come back, while Jesus' arms enfold,
Come to thy Lord in haste.

Fear not the clouds that hang between,
Nor dread the threat'ning storm ;
Though thunders loud and lightnings keen
Do smite thee with alarm.

'Tis death to stay ; 'tis life to dare,
So linger here no more ;
Plunge forth and pierce the chilly air,
And all the clouds before.

Faith is a glorious leap through shade—
A landing in the light :
Plunge forth, and God will lend thee aid,
And guide thee in thy flight.

Believe, and thou shalt win the race,
Then dare no more to rove ;
Fly to the Ark of pardoning grace—
The Open Door of Love.

The Old Pilgrim.

Old pilgrim, are you traveling still
Upon the heavenly road?
O yes! I'm bound for Zion hill,
The traveler's blest abode.

How have the past times with you been,
And who hath led you on?
How many conflicts have you seen,
How many victories won?

Oh, yes! the hills were rough and steep,
The streams were dark and cold;
But Jesus led me o'er the deep,
Though troubled waters rolled.

And oftentimes the noon did seem
Like midnight on the road,
But all along a sacred beam
Did heavenly light afford.

Sometimes forsaken, lone and sad,
But still I could not stay;
Though some, the best of friends I had,
Forsook me on the way.

The fights were fierce, the battles long,
And oft in heart cast down;
But still I stood against the wrong,
Contending for my crown.

But through it all my heavenly Friend
Walked closely by my side ;
In strife He did my soul defend,
In darkness He did guide.

But since the worst is now behind,
The fiercest fight is o'er,
I journey on in hope to find
The better things before.

Old Canaan seems to greet mine eyes,
The shining coast is near ;
And e'en the music of the skies
I think sometimes I hear.

Just what the pilgrim's end will prove
I cannot say to you ;
But this I know : that all is love,
And all is heaven, too.

Resignation.

Self, thou must obey thy Savior,
Long thou hast enjoyed thy way :
Holiness be thy behavior,
All resign to Christ today :
Yield to Jesus,
Yield unto His loving sway.

Let thy vain and foolish craving
Die exhausted in desire ;
Purer love for Jesus having
Will to nobler things inspire :
Purge me, Savior,
With the pure refining fire.

Now from vice to virtue turning—
Now from worldly lust to love ;
Every sinful pleasure spurning,
Let thy better nature prove—
Life eternal,
Even while on earth I rove.

In the hard and busy hours,
In the fearful strife, alone,
Exercising all thy powers,
Make His love to others known.
Thee in heaven,
He will gladly own and crown.

Believe and Be Saved.

My heart is almost broken,
I know not what to do ;
I want a heavenly token,
And full salvation, too.

Chorus.

What must I do to be saved?
 What must I do to be saved?
 From all my guilt and shame,
 What must I do to be saved?

I hear sweet music ringing
 About my darksome way;
 It must be angels singing,
 And this is what they say:

Chorus.

Believe, believe and be saved;
 Believe, believe and be saved—
 On Jesus, precious, the Lamb,
 Believe, believe and be saved.

I am so weak and weary,
 Sin-sick and faint in soul;
 The night is dark and dreary,
 The clouds above me roll.

My heavy sins oppress me,
 And bear me to the ground;
 I want the Lord to bless me,
 And let His grace be found.

Could I o'ercome my doubting,
 He would my sins remove;
 I'd rise, salvation shouting,
 And praise His pardoning love.

Have mercy, Lord, and hear me,
Now speak my sins forgiven,
And walk forever near me
Until I get to heaven.

I feel the Spirit moving,
I've lost my load of sin;
There's something sweet and loving,
O'erflows my heart within.

Chorus.

I now believe on His name,
I now believe on His name,
All glory be to the Lamb!
I now believe on His name.

The Lord's Baptism.

Hark! how the humble John exclaims,
The Lamb of God behold!
How faithfully he now proclaims
What prophets long foretold!
And lo! a multitude of eyes
Look on the Savior near;
The prophet views Him with surprise,
And shrinks with holy fear.

I'm too unworthy now to loose
Thy sacred latches, Lord ;
And O, to touch Thy hallowed shoes
I cannot now accord.
While to the ocean's spacious bound
The solemn waters sped,
A wreath of glory shone around
His consecrated head.

He prayed, and lo ! the heavens bowed,
With all their portals wide ;
The Dove descended from the cloud,
And Christ was glorified.
A voice ne'er heard on earth before,
With such degree of love,
Spoke from the opening of the door,
And from the gate above :

“Hear Him, my well-belovéd Son,
In whom my soul is pleased ;
Hear Him, ye wretches so undone,
Be from your chains released.
Hear Him ! while heaven and earth combine,
And God and man agree ;
O let this blest baptismal sign
Bespeak thy love to me !”

Speak, Lord, again from heaven above,
And let us hear Thee say :

Soul, in the Jordan of my love,
I baptize thee today.
Come, Holy Ghost, on burning wings,
And light upon us now;
Thy love alone the blessing brings,
And seals this solemn vow.

A Friend in Trouble.

Friend of the tried and troubled breast,
Balm of the wounded heart;
I come to Thee for peace and rest,
I know how true Thou art.

Mine earthly friends are turned away,
My foes are thick around;
And they pursue me night and day
With malice to confound.

They wag their heads and mock my plea,
And treat my love with scorn;
Come, O my Lord, deliver me,
And comfort the forlorn.

And though the odds against me stand,
I must not falter here;
Nor will I yield one inch of land,
Nor quit the field in fear.

Let troubles rise and sorrows roll,
 And all mankind oppose;
 My God, and one believing soul,
 Outnumber all the foes.

Though angels camp about me still,
 To guard me through this wild;
 Come, Lord, Thyself, Thy word fulfill,
 And walk close by Thy child.

No angel guard can satisfy,
 Nor Michael's sword defend;
 Come, Lord, Thyself, or else I die,
 Come now, my heavenly Friend.

If, when contending for the right,
 My soul in fear would fly;
 Lord, only smile and I will fight,
 And fight until I die.

Still with the foe fled in defeat,
 With glory to embrace;
 Not even heaven would be sweet,
 Without Thy smiling face.

The Lord God.

Jesus, Thou promised Seed beloved,
Arise and bruise the serpent's head ;
Let Juda's scepter ne'er be moved,
Until Shiloh shall reign instead.

Jehovah, Lord, Immanuel,
Shekinah, God, I AM of old ;
Still in Thy Church, in Zion dwell,
Though all the heavens cannot hold.

Thou Burning Bush of Horeb's brow,
Convince Thy servants of Thy might ;
And bid them go, commissioned now,
And lead Thy people to the light.

O mount the cloud, Thy steed of flame,
And let Thy pilgrim Church prevail ;
With thunder voice Thy love proclaim,
Though mountains smoke and nations quail.

Lord, with Thy people still abide,
While all the hosts of hell pursue.
Come, Job's Redeemer, us to guide ;
Come, David's gentle Shepherd, too.

Come, Sharon's Rose, us reconcile ;
Bright Morning Star, upon us beam ;
Sweet Lily of the Valley, smile ;
Didst Thou not promise to redeem ?

My Chief of all ten thousands, known,
 My Darling Savior and my Dove;
 Come down with great compassion shown,
 And with the fire of Thy great love.

Come, Prince of Peace, to us appear;
 Come, Wonderful, of old renown;
 Come, everlasting Father, near;
 Come, O Thou mighty God, come down!

Arise, O Beauty! Branch of Love!
 Thou King who reigns in heaven high!
 Thou Fellow of the throne above!
 Arise in answer to our cry!

O take from death his cruel sting,
 And rob the grave of all its gain;
 From Earth's four corners, Savior, bring
 Thy ransomed Church with Thee to reign.

Turn On the Current.

In this dark, benighted land,
 All scattered on the shore
 Are souls who droop in sadness, sin and shame;
 Where the billows lave the strand,
 Where the angry tempests roar,
 Let the blessed light of heaven gently beam.

Chorus.

Turn on the current from the Power House above ;
Turn on the current—the electric light of Love ;
 Until this heart of mine
 In Jesus' glory shine.
Turn on the current from the Power House above.

There are souls with blinded eyes
Who long to see the light,
Who stumble on, misguided, to despair ;
 Let the light of heaven rise,
 And kiss away their night,
Until the dawn of love shall bid them cheer.

O, thou poor, blackslidden child,
How sad and lone thy way !
The mournful shadows deepen into gloom ;
Art thou lost in all the wild,
Does the midnight crowd thy day ?
Art thou weary-worn and weak, and far from home ?

Dear Jesus, Thou Lamb of God,
When in the vale of death,
And all the things of earth are fled and gone,
I'll lean upon Thy rod,
And heave the dying breath,
While angels come to turn the current on.

Learning.

How vain our fairest thought,
 Till tempered with Thy love!
 And vain is Wisdom's fabric wrought,
 Till grace divine approve.

Till God our knowledge bless,
 'Tis but a dying spark;
 In vain we cherish and caress—
 Still groping through the dark.

Lord, with Thy breath revive,
 Our knowledge here improve,
 Till sanctified and made alive—
 A flaming torch of love.

And so illumine the mind,
 Till holy it shall be;
 For all the wisdom of mankind
 Is foolishness to Thee.

We watch the starry host,
 And trace the comet's flight;
 Reason beholds the beams, at most,
 But faith, the God of light.

The solemn past reviewed
 But leaves confused the mind;
 While Reason marks the path pursued,
 But Faith, what God designed.

Oh, ye who love to sing
Of Wisdom's richer prize ;
Go, learn of Christ, your Savior, King,
And humbly be made wise.

How cold, and blank, and dead,
The mind with Christ disowned !
Their stormy passions reign instead,
And reason is dethroned.

Bow, all ye sages, low,
With humble heart and mind ;
Ye shall your own damnation know,
Or your salvation find.

The Institution.

Lord God, this institution bless
With Thy divine approval seal,
Till all the light of truth possess,
Till all the love of Jesus feel.

Let flow from here a gracious stream,
Till all shall know and love the right ;
The savage from his shame redeem,
The lands of darkness turn to light.

Give light till ignorance shall fail,
Till vice and crime shall be no more,
Till virtue, truth and love prevail,
And be the riches of the poor.

Send forth the light of truth to all,
Till India shall see her shame,
Till Afric's night and China's wall
Shall blush before Thy glorious name.

Here let Thy teachers, taught by Thee,
Their high commission now receive;
And let them, ere they try the sea,
Be consecrated, ere they leave.

When fiercer grows the strife around,
Give courage, Savior, lest they yield;
And should they fall, let them be found
Still holding to their sword and shield.

Thus to the world in mercy send
The lights of truth, and faith, and love,
Till the tall spires of darkness bend,
And Wisdom's towers rise above.

With mind unfettered, reason free,
And every soul washed in Thy blood;
Let every thought point up to Thee,
Thus prove Thy image in us, Lord.

Then let the nations' conflicts cease,
The nations' richer glories prove—
The universal boon of peace,
The universal law of Love.

Thou Lovest Me.

Thou lovest me, O Christ, I know,
Thou lovest me; Thou lovest me.
Whatever be my weal or woe,
O Lord! I know Thou lovest me.
However humble be my part,
This sweet assurance fills my heart,
Though poor, forsaken, here I be,
Dear Lord, I know Thou lovest me.

Thou lovest me in spite of sin,
For Thou didst die to set me free,
Within my humble heart to reign,
And bring salvation down to me.
Thy wounds repeat the story, sweet,
From Thy dear hands and side and feet;
Thy dying groans on Calvary
Declare Thy wondrous love to me.

Thou lovest me, though weak and frail;
Thou lovest me; Thou lovest me.
Though friends forsake and foes assail,
How blest the thought, Thou lovest me!

I love Thee, O, my heavenly Friend,
I'll serve Thee till this life shall end;
I now forsake the world for Thee
Because I know Thou lovest me.

Thou lovest me; and such a love
Through all eternity shall stand;
When through the vale of death I rove,
Lord Jesus, take my feeble hand;
Then let me pass beyond the gloom,
And mock the terrors of the tomb;
Into Thy kingdom, Lord, with Thee,
O take me, since Thou lovest me.

Rejoice.

O ye that bow in grief,
Attend the heavenly voice;
Lo, Jesus speaks a sweet relief,
And bids thy hearts rejoice.

Then why are ye so sad?
Why flow thy tears so free?
Think how he groaned to make thee glad—
To cheer and comfort thee.

Let not thy sorrows past
Thy happiness destroy;
What seems so hard must prove at last
A source of endless joy.

Though envious foes revile,
To crush and wound and break ;
The King of Love doth on thee smile,
Though all the world forsake.

And does the chastening rod
Too heavy on thee smite ?
Rejoice, believing child of God,
Thou art His heart's delight.

Why weep, O troubled heart,
O'er friends to heaven gone ?
Rejoice, for those who now must part
Shall meet around His throne.

Our joys shall be fulfilled,
Though we sleep with the dead ;
There Hope her heavenly castle builds,
And light divine is shed.

The Betrayer.

Must I my Lord betray,
And still be called His own ?
And must I scorn His love today,
With all His mercy shown ?

What though it be a kiss
That give the wicked sign?
Oh, shall I forfeit heavenly bliss,
And damn this soul of mine?

Must I with Jesus part,
With sinners here to rove?
How can I hate Him in my heart,
And yet pretend to love?

Must I His love forsake,
And sell my Lord for gold;
And let a host of sinners take,
To scourge, and bind, and hold?

Can I despise His word,
Which comforts the distressed?
Can I forget the message heard,
When hard by sin oppressed?

And if His blood I shed,
In hope of worldly gain,
'Twill bring damnation on my head,
And everlasting pain.

O, Jesus! let Thy grace
Take full possession now;
I'd rather have Thy loved embrace
Than all else here below.

Loyalty.

I find no fault in this just Man,
He suits my heart so well :
He loves as none but Jesus can,
Too wonderful to tell.

I now recall when first we met,
Oh, 'twas a happy day !
I think of those sweet moments yet,
And sing along my way.

I like the story of His love—
The message of His grace—
The peace He bringeth from above—
The smiling of His face.

And though He wore the thorny wreath,
I'm not ashamed to own ;
Though once the poorest here beneath,
But still the loveliest known.

'Tis true from proud Jerusalem
They lashed Him to the tree ;
But still I'm not ashamed of Him,
For there He died for me.

His hands were pierced, His feet were nailed,
His precious blood they drew ;
There love o'er death and hell prevailed,
And I shall triumph too.

Though lowly laid among the dead,
Still, full of love and grace,
He made the tomb, with all its dread,
A pleasant resting place.

And do you think I would accuse
My gracious Lord, divine?
A world of friends I'd rather lose
Than one sweet smile of thine!

Away With Him.

"Away with Him!" the rabble cried.
The King they did condemn:
O, sinner, hast thou too replied,
Away! Away with Him?

And dost thou too, like those of old,
Reject thy King today?
Why will you turn in sin so bold,
And cry, "Away! away!"

Hard-hearted wretch! though now you scorn
Thy Savior's loved command,
Remember that in judgment morn
You must before Him stand.

If rocks with all their strength must rend,
And earth and sky give way ;
How can you still refuse to bend
Before your God today ?

Poor thoughtless soul ! that fate evade,
Which meets the sinners there,
When Jesus draws His flaming blade,
And drives them to despair !

Yield to the pleadings of His grace,
Nor think thyself secure ;
Come, while He calls with smiling face,
Or else His frowns endure.

Come now and set your heart aright,
Nor longer dare delay ;
What if He lift His sword tonight,
And cry, Away ! away !

The Royal Captive.

A captive, lo ! my Lord is led ;
They buffet, mock, and try :
He is arraigned in sinners' stead,
And must for sinners die.

The Innocent! what guilt He bears!
The Pure! yet how they blame!
The King! yet what a crown He wears!
The Lord all wrapped in shame!

Beneath the scourge of sinners bent,
The fiery strokes He feels:
The lash, with all its fury spent,
A balm of life reveals.

On Him the tattered robe they place,
His royal right profane:
They wag their heads and smite His face,
And hold Him in disdain.

By all the guilt of man oppressed,
Which bows my Savior low;
And down His pallid cheeks, distressed,
What crimson torrents flow!

The prisoner's seat He occupies,
Though once the King above:
How justly damned the soul that dies,
In spite of all Thy love!

What Must I Do With Him?

What must I do with Jesus,
Whose love I can't deny?
Must I reject His mercy,
And help them crucify?
Must I approach, embracing,
But only to betray?
Or lean upon His bosom,
And trust Him all the way?

What must I do with Jesus
In life's low valley, deep?
Must I be up and praying,
Or thoughtlessly asleep?
When infidels deride Him,
And sinners scorn and try;
Must I forsake my Savior,
And shamefully deny?

What must I do with Jesus,
Mid business, care and pain?
Must I neglect to praise Him,
Because of earthly gain?
Mid friends and social pleasures,
Or in the busy mart,
Oh! must I drive Him from me,
Or take Him to my heart?

What must I do with Jesus,
With fame and honor mine?
Must I, with self exalted,
Forget His love divine?
Amid the surging masses,
In honor, wealth, or fame;
I will, dear King of Glory,
Exalt Thy gracious name.

What must I do with Jesus,
When life's last sun is low—
When fall the solemn shadows
About the path I go?
I'll lean upon His bosom,
Nor dread the last few hours;
I'll look beyond the river,
On fields of fruits and flowers.

Dear Calvary.

O Calvary! dear mount of love!
No top so sacred to mine eyes:
When from my sins I look above
On thee I view my sacrifice.

More dear than Horeb's flaming top,
To which a rebel may not dare:
On Calvary, the sinner's hope,
I can approach my Savior there.

And not Sinai, whose fiery law
 Pealed forth in dreadful thunders, bold ;
Though Calvary moves me to awe,
 But, oh, it is with love untold.

Pisgah may lift me up so high
 Till I the shores of Canaan see ;
And even there still I may die,
 But not on dear old Calvary.

Though Carmel, with her answered prayer,
 Did all Jehovah's wonders prove ;
But none like Calvary, so dear,
 Can show the wonders of His love.

The hill where Jacob's ladder stood,
 With angels flying from the skies,
Vies not with thee, blest hill of Blood,
 Where stands the cross before mine eyes.

On Hermon's height in fear I see
 His form transfigured and divine ;
But when I turn to Calvary,
 'Tis then I know that Thou art mine.

Nor Zion's top, whose temple stands
 Sublimely high for all to see ;
Bowed on my knees with clasped hands,
 I'd rather gaze on Calvary.

No towers of all the kingdoms, Lord,
 Nor steepled temples yet can vie ;
 And none can such delights afford,
 And none so precious to mine eye.

His March to Death.

Now from Jerusalem He starts
 To tragic Calvary :
 Death, with a thousand flaming darts,
 Pursues Him to the tree.
 Justice stands waiting on the mount,
 With Mercy at his side :
 In David's house the sacred fount
 Will soon be opened wide.

"Come on, Thou Victim!" Justice cries,
 "No more my sword detain."
 "Justice, I come!" the Lord replies,
 "For sinners to be slain."
 "A guilty world hangs on Thy breath,
 And Thou alone canst save.
 O, come! and yield Thyself to death,
 And to the greedy grave."

He comes! Though sinners round Him now
 Do lash and mock with scorns ;

And though His tender, kingly brow
Is pierced by many thorns.
His flesh they rend, His blood they spill.
Though weary on the road,
He struggles up Golgotha's hill,
And drags His heavy load.

Hell from beneath crowds on His path,
In all its fury dread ;
And deep damnation heaves its wrath
Upon the Savior's head.
All nature shrouds itself in night,
And its foundations shake ;
Lo ! Heaven shuts her portals bright,
And all her hosts forsake.

Death throws his palls creation wide,
Unearthly terrors reign
Around the mangled Crucified—
The world's Redeemer slain.
The sun and moon give no relief,
The stars are fled away ;
All bow in universal grief
Around the Lord today !

One Shepherd and One Fold.

Shepherd of love, back to one fold
 Thy scattered sheep recall ;
 And make Thy people, as of old,
 United, one and all.
 One God we praise, one Christ we know,
 One Holy Ghost we love ;
 Lord, let Thy Church be one below,
 And then be one above.

Unite Thy long divided flock,
 In one position hold ;
 One faith in one eternal Rock,
 One Shepherd and one fold.
 One Calvary, one sacred fount
 For each and all of them ;
 One temple, Lord, one holy mount,
 And one Jerusalem.

One rule of life, one doctrine teach,
 To every tribe and race ;
 One creed for all, one gospel preach—
 The gospel of Thy grace.
 One loving heart, one toiling hand,
 One task for all to do ;
 One fold in this and every land,
 One journey to pursue.

One host against one common foe,
Let all Thy soldiers stand ;
One Captain at whose word we go,
And fight at His command.
One banner raise o'er every brow,
One blesséd story tell ;
And one immortal standard now,
Defying death and hell.

One password at the gates above,
One sacred sign be given ;
One wondrous theme—Redeeming Love!—
One army entering heaven.
One universal anthem raise,
One white-robed throng we sing—
One everlasting song of praise,
To one eternal King!

I Am Going Up and Surrender.

I am going up and surrender
My heart to Jesus now,
In spite of my condition,
And at His footstool bow.

Chorus.

I am going just now,
I am going just now,
I am going up and surrender
My heart to Jesus now.

Too long in doubt I've waited,
Contending for my way ;
But I'm going up and surrender
My heart to Christ today.

I know I am unworthy,
I feel my guilt and shame ;
But I'm going up and surrender
To Jesus just the same.

Adieu ! my old companions,
I bid you all farewell ;
I'll walk no longer with you
Upon the road to hell.

I will take my burdens to Him,
Myself I now deny ;
I am going up to Jesus,
And trust Him though I die.

The Father.

Dear Father, God of love,
May we with those above
Join in Thy praise ?
May we adore aright
Thee, gracious God of light ;
Let every heart unite—
An anthem raise.

Dost Thou not love us all
More deeply than the fall
In fatal sin?
Then, Father, kind and good,
Redeem us by Thy blood,
And let the cleansing flood
Flow freely in.

No other joys are found,
And no delights surround
Like love divine :
It soothes the aching pain,
And moves the deepest stain
Till we are born again—
New creatures—thine.

While in the flesh we live,
A hymn of praise we give
Though Thy dear name :
When parting with this breath,
Midst fading scenes beneath,
We'll sing Thy love in death—
In heaven the same.

The Father's Throne.

What bliss and majesty surround
The Father's throne above!
And what amazing joys are found,
Through all the realms of love!

The rainbow spans Jehovah's seat,
And hangs above His brow,
While angels worship at His feet,
And praise him as they bow.

Thunders and lightnings issue fast
In loud, adoring lays;
While distant worlds repeat the blast,
And awful is His praise.

Ten thousand choirs—a flaming throng—
Around His altars sing
Love is the theme of all their song
To their eternal King.

Archangels, saints and seraphs, bright,
Commingle 'round the throne;
Their faces shine with Love's delight,
For only love is known.

The gathering saints their joys relate,
As they the portals near;
They shout their entrance through the gate,
And soon in heaven appear.

Quicken, my soul, thy sluggish pace,
And hasten to thy home ;
Soon thou shalt win the glorious race,
No more on earth to roam.

We Are One.

We are one in unity ;
One eternal Trinity :
One in works and one in ways ;
One in glory and in praise.

We are one in every place ;
One in all the works of grace :
One to pardon, one to bless ;
One to comfort in distress.

We are one to all on high ;
One to heed the sinner's cry ;
One in all the mercies given ;
One on earth and one in heaven.

We are one Immanuel,
One in every soul to dwell :
O, believing children, see,
We are one great Trinity !

One in truth and one in light,
 One in wisdom, one in might;
 One in every good designed;
 One eternal Sovereign Mind.

Trial.

These trials, Lord, how great the test!
 My heart they wound and tear;
 They cripple hope and rend my breast;
 And threaten with despair.

Each passing hour they grow severe,
 To crush me on the field;
 How can I stand the conflicts here,
 But, Lord, how can I yield?

My bosom friends forsake me now,
 My comrades all are gone;
 Thy cause to fail can I allow,
 Though left to stand alone?

Should not I gladly give my life,
 While battling for the right?
 And stand unyielding in the strife,
 And for my Savior fight?

O, help me, Lord ! nor let me fail—
I'm willing, though I'm weak ;
Cannot Thy word o'er all prevail ?
Then, Lord, my triumph speak.

Lift up Thine arm, Immanuel !
Stretch forth Thy ancient rod ;
And shake the iron gates of hell,
Thou conquering Son of God !

Forth from the fight Thy servant bring,
O'er all victorious still ;
Though weak, yet faithful to the King,
Submissive to Thy will.

Though friends be far, and false, and few,
Since victory is mine,
And since I know that Thou art true,
I will not faint and pine.

The Christian's Right.

Oh, do not drive me from the fold,
Nor all my rights destroy ;
I shall my place in Zion hold,
My privilege enjoy ;

Why should my spirit be oppressed?
Why crush me to the ground?
I'm one among the number blest,
And shall be with them crowned.

Should not a blood-bought heir of heaven
Dwell with His saints below?
Why should I be from Zion driven;
Why will you bid me go?

And must I leave, afar to roam,
While hungry wolves pursue?
I have a right to stay at home—
A part in Jesus too.

Then do not bid me to depart;
Here I would ever dwell.
I love the Christians in my heart,
I love the fold too well.

Holiness.

I must live holy, Lord,
I must live meek and pure;
For such the gospel doth afford,
And this I will secure.

Come, Sanctifying Power,
Come, Holy Ghost within ;
The carnal things in me devour,
Give liberty from sin.

Is not Thy saving grace
Sufficient to release?
Then let me walk before Thy face,
In holiness and peace.

I crave to walk with Thee
The high and holy way ;
And perfect like my Savior be,
And happy every day.

Let through my nature flow
The pure celestial stream ;
Thy power of salvation show—
Thy power to redeem.

With full salvation mine,
And free from every stain ;
Then life on earth shall be divine,
And labor, rest from pain.

Thus, Lord, I want to live,
Nor even think to die ;
To death a holy body give,
From heaven to heaven fly.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father,
Maker of the human race;
First, of pleasures, I would rather
Be a humble child of grace:
God is loving;
Soul, repose in His embrace.

I believe in Christ the Savior,
Lowly of the Virgin born:
Holiness in His behavior,
Though a world of sinners scorn;
Blessed Jesus!
Thou the Friend of the forlorn.

I believe the Holy Spirit
Is the Comforter of all;
Thus believing, life inherit,
Though once wounded by the fall.
Holy Spirit,
Lo! we answer to Thy call.

I believe that in the morning,
Midst the judgment's awful dread,
Then to hail the Lord's returning,
We shall rise up from the dead.
Into glory
We shall be by Jesus led,

The Divine Controversy.

Hear, O my people, saith the Lord,
What have I done to thee
That thou shouldst murmur at my word,
And turn away from me?

O, have I wearied thee with love,
And made my pleas in vain?
And should I not mine own reprove,
And bring them back again?

Will you despise my mercy then,
And in your shame rebel?
Why will you form a league with sin,
And compromise with hell?

When did my hand deny thee aid,
Or deal a cruel blow?
Have I not straight thy pathway made,
And hewn thy mountains low?

When hedged around by hills and strife,
Who bade the seas divide?
Through all the crooked ways of life,
Have I not been thy guide?

Then why reject my holy word,
And all my prophets kill?
Why turn away from Me—your Lord,
And prove so faithless still?

Father, forgive ! our sins remove,
Nor drive us now away ;
But in Thy arms of pardoning love,
Receive us back today.

Reflection.

O God ! with all Thy love made known,
Shall I despise—and die undone—
Thy love which bids me life receive ?
Lord, must I die and not believe ?

Shall I, with Love's entreaty given,
Refuse to heed Thy calls to heaven ?
Must I against Thy love rebel,
And plunge regardless into hell ?

How could I bear such endless pains,
Dragged in Despair's eternal chains ;
While Vengeance lashed me harder still
For trampling on Thy gracious will.

Would not my conscience there reprove,
When I recall Thy slighted love ;
While all my sins above me swell,
And sink me deeper into hell ?

Lord, ere the dying groan I heave,
And ere again Thy love I grieve ;
O, save me by Thy pardoning grace—
The worst of a rebellious race !

The Sinner's Death.

O what a death the sinner dies,
With all Thy grace unknown !
In what a woeful state he lies,
When Jesus will not own !

The soul that tramples on Thy grace,
And scorns Thy loving calls,
And turns away from Thy embrace—
In what despair he falls !

The grieving Dove extends His wings,
The Holy Ghost departs ;
Death wounds him with a thousand stings—
A thousand fiery darts.

Then gentle Mercy folds her arms,
And bids the soul, Adieu !
And hellish crews, in wild alarms,
In all their wrath pursue.

Friends must forsake though they would cling,
And kindred must forbear ;
The soul that scorns Thy love, O King,
Must die forsaken here.

His day is past, his sun is set,
To Hope he bids farewell ;
His awful doom at last is met
In darkness, death and hell.

His baleful eyes survey the deep,
Where quenchless furies burn ;
And Oh ! how awful is that leap
From whence there's no return !

Plead, O my God ! with sinners still,
Do not forsake today ;
Perhaps these stubborn rebels will
Obey Thy love and pray.

If yet they scorn Thy love's appeal,
And spurn salvation too ;
Let Vengeance their damnation seal,
And Mercy say, Adieu !

Pentecost.

Supernal Dove, on us descend,
Sit on our waiting hearts today ;
Come as a mighty rushing wind,
And fill this house while here we pray.

Join every heart in blest accord ;
New zeal revive, new love inspire ;
And let the servants of the Lord
Declare Thy grace with tongues of fire.

Make this our pentecostal hour,
Fulfill Thy promise, still the same :
Thus demonstrate Thy saving power,
Nor put Thy followers to shame.

Prove, Lord, to all Thy promise given,
That Thou dost yet in Zion dwell ;
And let the humble heirs of heaven
Defy the yawning gates of hell.

Revive the faint, the seeker bless,
The wounded heal, the dead awake,
The lost reclaim, the proud distress,
The stony hearts of sinners break.

Alarm the cold and careless breast,
And those at ease in Zion move ;
Nor let a single member rest
Till every heart shall feel Thy love.

Still in Thy pulpit, Lord, appear ;
Endow Thy servants from on high ;
Thy word let guilty sinners hear,
Believe and live, or doubt and die.

At Eventide.

How sweet to walk at eve alone,
When fall the shadows here,
When all the toilsome hours are gone,
With none but Jesus near !

As up I gaze, a thousand eyes
Look gently down in mine ;
"Thy God is love," the friendly skies
Speak with a voice divine.

I sing, and all the stars, it seems,
Join in my humble lays ;
The listening night, the answering beams,
Are all engaged in praise.

The solemn shade, the slumbering rocks,
The happy brooks that move,
The pensive plains where nod the flocks,
Do breathe a song of love.

Then why should I my joys restrain,
To ponder in despair,
To brood of care, of woe complain,
When all His love declare?

Far richer joys than these can prove
Are by believers found,
When in His presence, in His love,
And all is heaven around.

Launch Out Into the Deep.

Launch out, my soul, into the deep,
Where purer waters roll,
Where waves of rapture ever sweep
Around the humble soul.

Though here the ocean's wrath is spent,
While dangerous shoals ensnare;
But farther out is sweet content,
'Tis sweet and pleasant there.

Nurse not the shores in doubt and fear,
But trust the Lord to keep;
The waves that break so furious here
Are calmer in the deep.

Though thou hast toiled so hard in vain
 Through all the stormy night,
 Launch out, and cast thy net again,
 But cast it on thy right.

Thou shalt a draft of fishes take,
 And faint in holy fear;
 Immortal souls thy net shall break,
 If only Christ is near.

Call to thine aid thy partners now,
 And let them help afford;
 Then sink in wonderment and bow
 Before Thy gracious Lord.

Present Bliss.

Life need not be in sorrow spent,
 E'er weeping o'er a broken vow;
 Sufficient is the mercy sent;
 'Tis heaven, Lord, to love Thee now.

When so oppressed by clouds of woe,
 Thy presence is my Eden, Lord;
 Thy love my heaven here below,
 My daily bread, Thy sacred word.

Then might my soul with angels vie,
To sing Thy praise creation round;
When to the flesh and sin I die,
On earth Thy love is heaven found.

Though not with seraphs' awe I wait,
Who veil their faces with their wing,
With fiery tongues Thy love relate;
'Tis glory here to praise the King.

Dwell not alone on joys to come,
Since here is spread a feast of love;
Oh! there are joys this side of Home
As sweet as those we'll taste above.

When in the heated furnace thrown,
Or through the den of lions driven,
My soul, think not thyself alone;
Lo! Jesus turns them into heaven.

If love, where storms of sorrow roll,
Is sweet, while yet by tempest driven,
What shall it be to thee, my soul,
When all is love and all is heaven?

The Macedonian Cry.

I hear the Macedonian cry :
 "Come o'er and help," they say ;
 "Behold how we in darkness die,
 Without the gospel day!"
 The shadows deepen and the gloom
 Hangs dark and thick around ;
 Come and reverse our woeful doom,
 And let the light be found.

I hear the Macedonian cry.
 How loud and sad they call !
 How helplessly they pine and sigh
 In Satan's awful thrall !
 One messenger by Jesus sent
 Would be an angel there ;
 One penny in compassion spent
 Is more than millions here.

I hear the Macedonian cry.
 Who will in pity move ?
 And who will say, Lord, here am I,
 If but Thou wilt approve ?
 How can we from their rescue stay,
 And send them no reply ?
 Lord, consecrate some heart today,
 To go and dare or die.

I hear the Macedonian cry.
To Africa in sin,
Now let a band of soldiers fly—
A thousand holy men.
With Jesus at the tomb of woe,
We'll move the stone and cry :
O, loose the man and let him go,
That he may prophesy !

Beyond the Tomb.

Beyond the tomb, where Jesus reigns,
Where lives the best of all my friends ;
A sweet and happy rest remains
Of perfect peace, beyond the tomb.

Beyond the tomb my friend is gone
Where only heavenly bliss is known ;
Though thou hast left me here alone,
I'll meet you just beyond the tomb.

Beyond the tomb, no strife's array
Shall call thee forth to meet the fray ;
Well hast thou fought and won the day,
Go reign with Christ, beyond the tomb.

Beyond the tomb no sickness now,
Nor woes to make thee weep and bow,
Nor death-dews stain the radiant brow ;
For all is life—beyond the tomb.

Beyond the tomb, thy building stands,
A heavenly house not made with hands ;
Go enter as thy Lord commands,
Thy mansion bright, beyond the tomb.

Beyond the tomb no palls of night
Cast forth their shadows to affright ;
The balmy morn is sweet and bright
With Jesus' smiles, beyond the tomb.

Beyond the tomb, though now we part,
We shall be joined again in heart ;
I soon shall come o'er where thou art,
To live and love, beyond the tomb.

Beyond the tomb, my mother dear,
My father, brother, kindred near ;
Our little one and friends o'er there
Are waiting just beyond the tomb.

The Little Flock.

Come, little flock by Jesus led,
And gather round your Guide ;
And take by faith the blood He shed,
The flesh He did provide.

Feast on your Lord and then rejoice,
Still Him by faith we see;
And still we hear His gentle voice,
"This do, remember me."

Remember now how with the few
He groaned upon the ground,
His sacred locks all wet with dew,
While nature wept around.

And with what love He lingered still
In sad Gethsemane!
Must sorrow flow from Olive's hill,
And none, my soul, from thee?

See, like a lamb to slaughter led,
At Pilate's bar He stood;
With piercing thorns they crowned His head,
His vesture stained with blood.

Though faint, He took the forkéd beam,
And went to Calvary;
They lashed, and lo! a fresher stream
Flowed freely down for me.

And as He poured His soul in death,
Which angels wept to see;
We kneel around the board by faith,
And view Him on the tree.

My Prodigal Child.

The prodigal strayed afar from home,
 And through a stranger's land to roam;
 The father marked his erring way,
 And called his son from day to day:
 My prodigal child! O prodigal child!
 Why leave thy home to roam the wild?
 Why turn away and grieve me so?
 O prodigal child! why will you go?

The father plead, but all in vain;
 His love could not the child restrain,
 Who wandered on till all was gone;
 And still he called his erring son:
 My prodigal child! O prodigal child!
 Why will thou not be reconciled?
 Come back, my poor, forsaken son,
 My prodigal child, why die undone?

But heedless still from home he'd rove,
 Regardless of his father's love,
 Whose anxious heart and pitying grace
 Would still his long-lost son embrace:
 My prodigal child! how long away
 Will thou remain from me today?
 Why wander on against my will?
 My prodigal child! I love thee still.

When hungry, faint and fit to die,
He fain would eat the swine's supply.
At last he said, his pride o'ercome,
"I will arise and start for home."
Poor prodigal child! return in haste,
Through valley dark and desert waste;
There's bread at home and more to spare,
O prodigal! thou art welcome there.

With bleeding feet and aching bone,
He journeys all the way alone;
With broken heart and weeping eyes,
He meets his father and he cries:
"Thy prodigal child! Thy prodigal child
Is come, and would be reconciled:
I've sinned against thy love and grace,
I only ask a servant's place."

The father greets the wayward one,
And throws his arms around his son;
Bring forth a robe, a golden ring,
Go spread the feast, rejoice and sing!
My prodigal child! my prodigal child
Is come, to roam no more the wild;
Let angels shout the joyful sound,
The dead's alive, the lost is found!

God Is Love.

Hark! I hear a happy chorus,
God is love! God is love!
Song immortal, rapturous, wondrous,
God is love! God is love!
Oh, it must be angels singing,
Loud their harps from glory ringing,
And this blessed tidings bringing,
God is love! God is love!

Weary soul, art thou despairing?
God is love! God is love!
Hear the song so sweet and cheering,
God is love! God is love!
Art thou lonely and forsaken?
He my broken heart hath taken,
And to heavenly joys awaken;
God is love! God is love!

Is the world unkind and friendless?
God is love! God is love!
Trust His grace, eternal, endless,
God is love! God is love!
How He loves the broken spirit!
He will take and heal and cheer it;
Life and love thou shalt inherit;
God is love! God is love!

Does thy cup o'errun with sorrow?
God is love! God is love!
He will bring thee joy tomorrow;
God is love! God is love!
Art thou fainting, sinking, heaving
Sighs of woe, and ever grieving?
Only come, His word believing;
God is love! God is love!

My Dearest Friend.

Jesus, of all the friends I love,
Is dearest to my heart;
What else could my affections move,
Would he from me depart?

Cold and indifferent to the world,
I'd droop in sad despair,
With hope's inactive pinions furled;
Did not His presence cheer.

All human love would be in vain,
Were but His love unknown;
And naught could soothe my heart of pain,
Were His sweet smiles withdrawn.

Fame's fabric, though so finely wrought,
Would but reproaches bring;
And all the joys by riches brought
Would prove a fiery sting.

Wisdom would each delight reverse,
Without Thy sacred name;
And knowledge, the profoundest curse,
Without love's holy flame.

The feast of kings would filthy prove,
With Christ excluded there:
Lord, what is life without Thy love,
Or death but deep despair?

The Sacred Morn.

Awake, and greet the brightening skies,
And hail the sacred day
Which saw the King of Glory rise,
To rend His shroud away.

The stars, which lately sank in gloom,
Are brighter than before.
They speak His triumph o'er the tomb,
And fade away no more.

The moon, illustrious and sublime,
Pursues her ancient road;
As glorious now as in her prime,
She throws her light abroad.

The pensive hills look o'er the deep,
The skies are clear and calm;
While happy saints awake from sleep,
But not in dread alarm.

Behold the sun, whose brighter beams
Do smile on every shore;
Down on a guilty world, in streams,
Refulgent oceans pour.

And with the morn we rise to sing
His praise, as angels do;
We tell the triumph of our King,
And shout His glory too.

Oh, that with hearts and tongues of fire
We might our Savior praise;
And, with the universal choir,
Join the immortal lays.

The Glorified Savior.

Behold the King! what crowns adorn
His bruised and bleeding brow!
Though meanly slain, and pierced, and torn,
Yet, oh! how glorious now!

By sin and death and hell withstood,
He rose, His power to show ;
His vesture, though once stained with blood,
Is now as white as snow.

Bright as the sun His face doth shine,
More wondrous than of old ;
What a majestic sight divine,
For sinners to behold !

His hands are spread creation wide,
For rebels to embrace ;
Who in His pardoning love confide
Shall find His pardoning grace.

Forth from His mouth the truth proceeds—
A keen two-edgéd sword ;
The heart, corrupted, how it bleeds !
But leaves the wounded cured.

His feet like polished brass, He stands
With all-engaging love—
A dying world He now commands :
Believe and look above.

Oh ! with what joy it fills my heart
To hear His voice, so mild :
“I am thy God, and lo, thou art
My own belovéd child.”

The Returning Chief.

Welcome, Thou great returning Chief!
A diadem awaits Thy brow :
Thy worshipers, once bowed in grief,
Do shout Thy glorious triumph now.

Come forth to conquer and to reign,
To listening worlds Thy victories tell :
Though once we viewed Thee as the Slain,
We hail Thee, King Immanuel !

Lo ! I am He ! and from the dead
I come, o'er all I take command ;
With death and hell my captives led,
I hold their keys in my right hand.

I challenged Death and met the war,
And triumphed in the conflict there ;
What though I wear the warrior's scar,
Behold, the victor's palm I bear.

I smote the hosts of Satan well,
Subduing all the powers of sin ;
I shut the mighty gates of hell,
And locked its murmuring millions in.

In the domain of death and night,
To spirits bound in prison long,
I preached the word of love and light,
And now Salvation is their song.

O, ghastly Death! where is thy sting?
Engulfing grave! thy victory where?
Yield up your spoils to Christ our King,
For He is risen, we declare.

His Ascension.

Swing back, ye gates eternal; swing,
Ye everlasting doors—
Lift up your heads, behold your King,
Himself to life restores.
Lo! hell, with all her minions, strong,
Is put to shameful flight;
And death, the king of ages long,
Succumbs to Jesus' might.

Swing low, ye clouds, your chariots bright,
By swift archangels driven—
On wheels of love, by steeds of light,
And bear the Lord to heaven.
Ye thunders, rend the skies with praise;
Ye lightnings, join the lay;
Ye shining hosts, your pinions raise,
Receive your King today.

Cry, angels, loud, Come, welcome, Lord,
While all the hosts fall down;

Come up and reign, by heaven adored,
While wreaths of glory crown.
Let all the shining legions fly
O'er golden peak and plain;
To heaven's extended borders cry,
"Jesus is come to reign!"

Replying worlds the chorus take,
The joyful news proclaim,
Till universal anthems break
In honor of His name.
Your ancient harps and lyres string,
And welcome Jesus home;
Thus ever praise the wondrous King,
Till all His saints are come.

And then His saints shall start a song,
Ne'er heard in heaven before—
To Jesus, who shall lead the throng
Triumphant through the door.
Oh, who with Jesus can compare,
Or who above can vie,
When all His saints assembled there
Shall sing His praise on high?

Lord, Speak the Word.

Jesus! Thou matchless Lamb of Love,
To Thee, a wretch, I cry;
If Thou wilt in compassion move,
Now save me ere I die.

I heard that Thou Thyself wast slain,
That sinners might go free;
I left the gates of hell in pain,
To search for Calvary.

Justice pursues me day by day,
And still is close behind;
The gospel says a sinner may
In Thee salvation find.

As such I come; wilt Thou forgive,
And stay this awful fate?
Oh speak the word, and I shall live,
Before it is too late.

In all my sins and guilt I kneel
Before Thy throne today;
Lest Justice my damnation seal,
Lord, speak the word, I pray.

I've slighted long Thy calls of love,
And turned away so vile;
Just one more time Thy mercy prove,
And on a sinner smile.

Back to Thy love my soul restore
And heed my humble cry:
Speak, Lord, and I will fear no more;
Keep silent, and I die.

The Conflict.

Come, Lord, as in the days of yore,
And fight for Israel here;
In all the conflict lead before,
Nor let us think of fear.

Let none the fiercer strife evade,
Lest Zion suffer loss;
But let us stand with shield and blade,
And thus defend the cross.

Old hell is in her usual rage,
Conspired against the right;
Let all Thy soldiers now engage,
And boldly face the fight.

Still marshaled on, in Thee we trust—
In Thy almighty name;
Ne'er let our banner trail the dust,
Nor let her suffer shame.

Thus onward led at Thy command,
We shall to nothing yield;
And at our post we'll die or stand
Until we take the field.

With victory won o'er all at last,
While song and rapture thrill;
All honors at Thy feet we'll cast,
And feel unworthy still.

Longing for Rest.

Had I thy wings, O gentle dove,
I'd fly away and rest;
I'd sweep through the bright gates above,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

I'd pierce the lowering clouds of night,
And soar beyond the sky;
Nor would I falter in my flight,
Till safe in glory high.

I'd lay aside each earthly care,
And think no more of pain;
I'd leave my sad surroundings here,
Nor would return again.

Straight to His throne with eagle flight,
I'd pierce the pathless air ;
And shout with all His saints in white,
The love of Jesus there.

Nestled in His embrace I'd sing
As angels never knew ;
And, oh ! the glory of my King
I'd shout forever, too.

Having Done All, Stand.

Firm on the rock of truth I stand,
Our standard still unfurled ;
And heeding none but God's command,
I challenge all the world.

By faith and love made stronger yet,
I death and hell defy ;
My sword is drawn, my shield is set,
And here I'll stand or die.

No earthly foes can make me yield,
Nor thundering terrors cower ;
I'll hold my post upon this field,
And trust in Jesus' power.

I'll stand and ne'er desert the fort,
Though all may fly away ;
I'll fight, and then to God report
The conflicts of the day.

Though wounded in the fray I fall,
But ne'er in heart cast down ;
I'll signal to my comrades all,
Press on and win the crown.

Nor would my Captain spurn me there,
Though all mankind despise ;
For if I conquer for Him here,
He'll crown me in the skies.

And did a crown e'er look so bright,
As on a wounded brow ?
And what can give such sweet delight
As "warfare over now" ?

A Vision of Faith.

Methinks by faith the throne I see,
And Jesus standing near ;
All clothed in sovereign majesty,
He pleads for sinners here.

The nail-prints in His feet and hands,
The deep wound in His side,
Are just as fresh while there He stands
As when for us He died.

A golden diadem adorns
His blest and wounded brow,
Which once was pierced by cruel thorns,
But crowned with glory now.

His praises sound like roaring storms,
Harmonious, loud and sweet;
While millions bend their shining forms,
And kiss His wounded feet.

The Elders, too, our Lord adore,
While the high chorus rings;
With faces veiled, they bow before
The matchless King of Kings.

There Justice stands before His face
And wields his saber round;
But Mercy pleads for pardoning grace
And points him to the wound.

Cherubic hosts in bright array,
In groups of thousands fly;
They sweep through all the realms of day,
And shout, and sing, and cry:

“How worthy now to be adored,
 How worthy, too, to reign!
 And holy, holy is the Lord,
 The Lord who once was slain!”

Ah! what a scene! and what a song!
 How wonderful above!
 Oh! that I now might join the throng,
 And sing redeeming love!

Triumph of Truth.

Awake, my soul, from slumber rise,
 With keener sense, beware!
 Even sin assumes a holy guise
 When most it would ensnare.

Though Falsehood in Truth's robe conceals
 Its hideous form so sly,
 In spite of all its base appeals,
 Ne'er trust a foe so nigh.

Though Hate the crown of Love may wear,
 With feigned affection's smile;
 Be watchful of the danger near,
 'Tis none the less as vile.

From Error's grasp thus bravely wrest
The sacred truths of heaven;
And every inch of ground contest,
Nor let an inch be given.

Heed not the voice of kind deceit,
But spurn the flatterer's song;
Stand for the right! the foe's defeat
Comes with discovered wrong.

At dangers laugh, though hellish bands
Surround with threatenings wild;
Stand and obey thy God's commands,
He will protect His child.

What seems defeat, if thou wilt trust,
Shall yet a victory prove;
Tread thy opposers in the dust,
And on to glory move.

And in His time the Lord will bring
The long-sought triumph near;
His gracious hand will make thee king
O'er thy opposers here.

Let friends be few, or false, or far,
And all the world deride;
Be strong, for God and angels are
Enlisted on thy side.

The Forsaken Lord.

Of all that moves my stony heart—
That bids me from my sins depart—
It is that cry upon the tree,
“My God, hast Thou forsaken Me?”

Oh, how it doth my pride reprove
And sinks my soul beneath His love,
To hear my dying Savior's plea,
“My God, hast Thou forsaken Me?”

My guilty soul, what is thy state
If sin includes such awful fate;
If sovereign Love must frown to see
The Savior die instead of thee?

What means the rending of the rocks?
What means the dread and sudden shocks?
What means this sad, distressing plea,
“My God, hast Thou forsaken Me?”

Why falls the pall of night so fast?
Why death his frightful shadows cast
About the hill of Calvary,
While Jesus dies upon the tree?

Where are the hosts who told His birth?
Where are His dearest friends on earth?
Do they forsake and flee the view?
O Love! dost Thou forsake Him too?

“Let angels shun the awful sight,
Let hell pursue, or sinners smite ;
Let rocks and hills in terror flee,
But why hast Thou forsaken me?

“Why? Why? I challenge Justice, why?
Though dying, why forsaken die?
Are We not one great Trinity?
Then, why hast Thou forsaken Me?”

O Lamb! let me, a sinner, tell,
'Twas to redeem my soul from hell;
With all Thy sufferings on the tree,
Thou art forsaken, Lord for me!

What Have You Done for Jesus?

What have you done for Jesus,
Since you were saved from sin,
Since you received salvation,
And joy and peace within?
Have you been sitting idly
Through all the precious day—
No love for those around you,
With talent hid away?

What have you done for Jesus,
At home or in the street?
Are you ashamed to own Him—
His wondrous love so sweet?

Though but a word be spoken
Of your Immanuel;
Some weary, sinking sinner
Might thus be saved from hell.

What have you done for Jesus
Since life became your own,
With all its joy and glory—
Its peace and pardon known?
Is life, or love, or labor,
Or wealth, or fame too dear
To give your Friend from heaven,
Who died to save you here?

Whom have you led to Jesus
Since first you found the way?
Oh, have you been unmindful
Of those who roam astray?
And would you enter glory
With naught but foolish toys?
With none you've led to Jesus,
And none to share your joys?

What do you want from Jesus,
In heaven from your Lord?
Remember, O my brother!
No labor, no reward!
His rest is for the weary
Who now the cross endure;
His glory for the faithful,
His pleasures for the pure.

The Immortal Story.

God is love! Immortal story!
Angels chant the wondrous strain;
Waft it from the hills of glory,
To creation's nightly plain;
All declaring,
God is love! and He shall reign!

Wondrous worlds, in grandeur turning,
Hum His praises where ye rove;
Suns, in all your splendor burning,
Let your light proclaim His love;
Stars of heaven,
Sing, O, sing it from above!

Highest heaven of heavens, adore Him,
Shout His praise, ye million bands;
Cast your glittering crowns before Him,
Smite your harps and clap your hands—
Thus exclaiming,
God is love! o'er all commands.

Mighty love in all creation,
Tender love provides for me,
Gracious love in free salvation,
Wondrous love on Calvary!
Holy! holy!
Oh, what love in Thee I see!

The Infallible Word.

More firm than earth's foundation, Lord,
Is this dear Book divine ;
More light than all the stars afford
From its blest pages shine.

Though mountains from their places move,
And all the hills depart,
Still stands the Volume of Thy Love—
Still stands the trusting heart.

The laws by human thought contrived
With kingdoms sank in shame ;
While nations perished, it survived,
Nor perished in the flame.

True as the needle to the pole,
O'er this rough sea of time
How it directs the pilgrim soul
To a diviner clime !

Down the dark vistas of that age,
Through which we sinners roam,
It throws a beam from every page
On our eternal home.

The sun, with all his light, must fail,
The stars must fade above,
The moon her silver brow must veil,
But not this Book of Love.

Experience.

I like the road to Zion well,
Though narrow, straight and steep;
I started from the gates of hell,
And from the valley deep.

Thus far, I've traveled with my Friend—
My Jesus at my side;
I think that I can reach the end
And safely trust my Guide.

The frequent storms did not impede,
Nor trials did delay;
They made me but increase my speed,
And made me watch and pray.

I've often stood upon the field,
Midst all the strife alone;
I've seen my dear companions yield,
But still I struggled on.

Yes, through the thickest of the fight,
In spite of dangers near,
I came, contending for the right,
And fighting without fear.

It has not been so pleasant, though
I like the journey still;
And upward I'm resolved to go,
And rest on Zion hill.

I've climbed too high to slide back down ;
I've run and must prevail ;
I've fought too hard to miss my crown,
And too near home to fail.

The Pilgrimage.

Lord, stay the storm,
Or be my refuge while
The tempests roll ;
The clouds remove,
Or let me see Thee smile
Upon my soul ;
And still the waves,
Or Thou Thyself must steer
My tossed bark,
Or else I founder here.

The thunders hush,
Or let me also hear,
"Peace ! peace ! be still !"
The lightnings sheathe,
Or whisper to mine ear,
" 'Tis but My will " ;
And though around
The furious billows break,
I shall not fear
Since Thou wilt not forsake.

Speak, as I pass
The shoals of death in dread,
“Fear not to die”;
And let me hear Thee say,
“Be not afraid,
Lo! it is I.”
Then let my soul,
Though here the wrecks remain,
Approach the shore—
The port of heaven gain.

SECULAR POEMS.

An Appeal from the Stake.

Are pagan vices thine,
Ye saintly Southern elves?
Why make a hell for mine,
And heaven for yourselves?
Why wake a nation's ire
To chase a fleeing mouse?
Why set the world on fire
To burn a humble louse?

With blood of lowly pride,
Why stain your blessed South;
And take the Negro's hide
To wipe your holy mouth—
To justify your rules,
Whose anger never slacks;
Why love your dogs and mules
Much better than your blacks?

Your friend you view with scorns,
And bind with iron thread
His feet, that crush your thorns—
His hands that make your bread.

Why burn, revile and curse
The man who would not harm—
Who rocked your cradle first,
Who nursed you on his arm?

Was I not faithful still
When brother sought your life?
Why blame me for the ill—
The issues of your strife?
Why rage, my heart to rend,
And bid your love forbear?
Am I not still your friend,
Though flayed and tortured here?

I'll suffer—though 'tis hard—
The fury of your ire:
My blood shall cry to God
Against you from the fire.
Excuse will not avail,
For Justice will pursue;
"Who by the sword prevail
Shall by it perish, too."

Where is that spark divine,
Which often did console—
Did on my pathway shine—
Around my heathen soul;
That sacred spark of love,
Which shone so bright of yore?

Does it such friendship prove?
Is this the fruit it bore?

That love which breathed within
A confidence divine—
Which made me fear to sin—
Which joined my heart to thine;
Which bound me fast and strong
To my old master's feet;
Which made me feel, so long,
That chattel life was sweet.

Shall love at last subdue—
The Ethiop's heart refine;
And leave it still for you
To prove it less divine;
Who saw its shining first,
And found its dear embrace;
Who saw its glory burst
On all in pardoning grace?

And why debase the Good,
With Evil to be bound;
And spill thy brother's blood
With piety profound?
Will ye your honor stain,
Ye best and wisest known,
Bid vile Anarchy reign
With Justice on the throne?

Why spread the sacred Book
Before my dimmer eyes ;
And then, with pious look,
Direct me to that prize—
By meek obedience won,
The pure in heart's reward ;
Then draw your torch and gun
Against the heirs of God ?

Ye tell me, "God is love"—
That I should this embrace ;
Then, why so different prove,
Ye children of His grace ?
That I should like Him be,
Forgiving, good and kind ;
Why shout with joy to see
Thy friend in flames confined ?

But God is also just,
Alike to weak and wise ;
And from my smouldering dust
Shall your damnation rise !
You should remember now,
The lesson of those years
When Justice made you bow
In sorrow, grief and tears.

Though hopeless of your grace
While still my flesh consume,

I'll love the ruddy race
 In spite of all that come :
 In spite of gun or sword,
 Or fagot's cruel flame ;
 Like Thee, my gracious Lord,
 I love them just the same !

I love ye not for aught
 That your strong hands have done—
 Nor what your skill has wrought,
 Nor for your triumphs won ;
 Not to appease your laws,
 Nor Color's creed approve ;
 I love ye just because
 My Father God is love !

In spite of stifling heat,
 Or rabble's savage cry ;
 Still, still I now repeat,
 I love you though I die !
 And thus my soul would heave
 Its dying breath for you,
 And cry, "O Lord, forgive !
 They know not what they do !"

God, Save the South!

God, save the South,
Lest pagan vices rend her ;
Thy arm upraise,
With love and law defend her ;
God, save the South !
God, save the South !
O, bless her people's
Humble habitation,
Their hearts rejoin
With all this mighty nation,
To sing the song
Of Freedom and Salvation ;
God, save the South !

God, save the South,
Who hast with honor crowned her ;
Now throw the robe
Of peace and love around her :
God, save the South !
God, save the South !
Her borders bless ;
Upon her fields and flowers
In season send
The sweet refreshing showers,
Till plenty smile
O'er all this land of ours ;
God, save the South !

God, save the South
Till her divided races
Shall cease to frown,
And sing with smiling faces,
God, save the South!
God, save the South!
Till North, and West,
And East, with peace adorning
Our country, Lord—
All voices now rejoining,
In union sing
Like the fair Sons of Morning,
“God bless the South!”

Let Him Alone.

“What must we with the Negro do?”

Let him alone;
He has some rights as well as you,
Let him alone:
When you see him go to vote,
With his head set like a goat,
Don't be pulling at his coat;
Let him alone.

When he's on his way to school,
Let him alone;
He is not the only fool,
Let him alone:

If he wears a beaver hat,
Why, don't bother him for that;
He's as happy as a cat;
Let him alone.

When you find him in your field,
Let him alone;
He can eat all he will steal,
Let him alone;
If he's in your melon patch,
And it's time for them to hatch;
Don't be sneaking round to catch,
Let him alone.

When you meet him on the street,
Let him alone;
He will work enough to eat,
Let him alone;
If he comes to your hotel,
He is guided by the smell,
Please don't run him down to ——ll,
Let him alone.

If he's in your chicken house,
Let him alone;
It might only be a mouse,
Let him alone:
Though your chickens start a row,
And are cackling "wow-o-wow!"
Hens are fussy anyhow,
Let him alone.

When he's studying politics,
Let him alone;
He is learning your old tricks,
Let him alone;
Though he cannot read his name,
Heaven knows he's not to blame;
He's a citizen just the same;
Let him alone.

Nothing Rules My Heart but Love.

Matters mortals what am I?
Though a pudding or a pie;
I am only what I am,
Though a lion or a lamb—
In the country, in the town,
Standing up or kneeling down;
Matters not where'er I rove,
Nothing rules my heart but love.

Though my skin be black or white,
He who made me made me right;
Made my heart and eyes to scan,
Made me black, but still a man;
Lynch or burn, with all you do,
Shoot and pierce me through and through;
I will not your hate approve;
Nothing bends my heart but love.

Take your throne and sit and frown,
Crush and bend creation down ;
Call your minions round your stool,
Make them swear to keep your rule ;
Take the senate in your claws,
Write your statutes, write your laws ;
Law may lash and law reprove,
Nothing rules my heart but love.

Call your navies from afar,
And array your men of war ;
Load your cannon, fire your guns,
Until blood like rivers runs,
Then with thunder voice declare,
I must rule and you must fear ;
All of this can never move,
Till I see a smile of love.

Dress your finest, dress your best,
Ask me in to be your guest ;
Spread your parlor, show your suit,
Pass your wine, and pass your fruit ;
Kiss and cackle, smirk and grin,
All of this is but a sin
Till you woo me like a dove ;
Nothing wins my heart but love.

Talk of wealth and riches won,
Of your sports with cue or gun ;

Of your land with fertile plain,
Of your fields of golden grain :
Boast of your ancestral wealth,
Of your wisdom, virtue, health ;
This I hate, I disapprove,
Till you crown them all with love.

Take the pulpit as your stand,
Read to me the Lord's command—
Read the Bible through and through,
Tell me how to live and do ;
Picture hell with all its fire
Mingling with the Devil's ire ;
None of these can ever move,
Till you whisper, "God is love."

Tell me of Jehovah's wrath
Howling on the sinner's path—
Of that day of dread and gloom
When my soul shall hear its doom ;
None of these disturbs my mind
Till you tell me, "He is kind" ;
This can bend me, this can move,
Oh ! I can't withstand His love !

The Dear Old Farm.

Give me the farm—the dear old farm,
Where fashion false, and lying charm
Do not allure ;
Where life is simple, real and sweet,
Where song is heard while woods repeat,
And love is pure.

Give me the farm, where rustic pride
Aims not to turn the true aside
From Love's highway ;
Where virtue finds a paradise,
Nor vices blind the virgin's eyes
In life's best day.

Give me the farm, where grows the corn,
Shouting with tassel gold unworn,
While breezes roll ;
Where smiles the fleecy staple, white,
Like snowy fields of Eden bright
Around the soul.

Give me the farm—the cabin dear,
With the fireplace so spacious there—
Full five feet wide—
With the backlog just burning down,
Potatoes sweet and 'possum brown
Right by my side.

Give me the farm when Sunday comes,
When all the girls and all the chums
 Meet at the spring;
When long-eared mules, ox-carts in droves,
Come sailing through the woods and groves,
 Oh, how we sing!

The preacher reads the hymn divine,
And we remember not a line,
 But sing right on;
When with the text we start to shout,
Forgetting shame, or pride, or doubt,
 To heaven most gone.

How can we live like Abraham,
Or Moses, meeker than a lamb,
 Or Job, bowed down?
Or how can we like David sing,
With Satan running everything,
 E'en the whole town?

How Was Woman Made?

Was a miracle so common
 When creation first began—
When Jehovah made the woman
 With a sparerib of the man;

Did He make her for a wife,
When from Adam's side He took it?
I've been wondering all my life,
Did He make the woman crooked?

Filled with love and crowned with beauty,
Sweeter than a rose she'll smile;
Faithful, too, in every duty,
False and true, and good and vile.
Here's a riddle hard to find,
Any way that you may look it,
Here's the question in my mind,
Did He make that woman crooked?

Eyes of radiant azure splendor,
Gazing from a cleft of gold;
Cruel and mean, yet soft and tender,
Timid, sweet, yet fearful, bold.
Mind that loving look, my friend,
Write it down with ink, and book it;
Ere you reach your journey's end,
You will find that some are crooked.

On the bank of life she's fishing,
In the stream she drops her line;
Minnows swimming round and wishing
That the pretty girl was mine.

Quickly then she pulls it out,
Ah! she knows just how to hook it;
What you bite it for, you trout?
Didn't you know that she was crooked?

Meek as Moses, mean as Judas,
Kiss with lip and curse with eye;
Frank as Paul, and sly as Brutus,
Speaks the truth, and acts—O my!
Well, we both are just the same,
Any way you boil and cook it;
The poor woman's not to blame,
Some old scoundrel made her crooked!

The Truth.

Mother taught me when a boy,
"Tell the truth;
If you steal a pie or toy,
Tell the truth:
Tell it only if you must
Toil in sorrow, toil in dust;
Tell the truth, my boy, and trust,
Tell the truth."

Well, I told it and I got
For the truth—
On my head another knot,
Like the truth;

Bowed across her able knee,
Oh, she used her hand so free;
There was nothing left for me
But the truth.

Used to seem to me a sin
In my youth,
Only one old shirt and then,
Tell the truth;
Well, my ma would hit so hard,
And I'd holler, "Mussy, Lard!"
After all, that's the reward
For the truth.

Since I've grown to be a man,
As in youth,
There are times I hardly can
Tell the truth:
Even love will make you lie,
For your darling is so shy,
And you hate to see her fly
From the truth.

Took the pulpit and I preached
All the truth;
Thundered, hollered, roared, and screeched
'Bout the truth:

Well, the people shouted first,
But at last I got the worst;
For they turned, and frowned, and cursed
At the truth.

Tried the politician's game
With the truth;
Got the devil just the same
'Bout the truth;
Had me 'lected long before,
I was the right man and more;
But was kicked out the back door
With the truth.

Took a paper, tried the pen
And the truth;
Praised the country, praised the men,
Praised the truth.
"Send the paper." It was sent;
Had to curse and then repent;
Had their names and not a cent,
And the truth.

Bought a bag and got some roots
And the truth;
Washed my face and brushed my boots
With the truth:

“Morning, Doctor ; almost dying !”
Well, to cure him I was trying ;
Paid me off by lying and lying
On the truth.

But I’m not discouraged yet
With the truth ;
Cannot tell what I may get
For the truth :
But, O God ! since truth is right,
For its cause I’ll die or fight
Till to Thee I take my flight
With the truth !

A Dream.

Of late I had a cheering dream,
When sorrow’s cold, perpetual stream
Was dark and deep ;
When all that friendly Hope could do
Had failed ; and Faith had faltered too ;
With their last beams now hid from view,
I fell asleep.

Led by a mystic hand afar
Where shone no sun, or moon, or star,
But all was night ;

I followed on in curious quest,
So weak and faint, and so distressed,
My weary spirit sighed for rest
 In dreamy flight.

Soon, left upon a plain alone,
I looked around—my friend was gone,
 I knew not where;
Black darkness reigned creation round,
The thunders roared, the heavens frowned,
The lightnings leaped from sky to ground,
 And rent the air.

No shelter could I hope to find,
My weary eyes were almost blind,
 Afraid to move;
The flowers threw themselves away,
The trees were splintered in the fray;
Just then I heard a whisper say
 That "GOD IS LOVE!"

A heavenly thrill of sweet delight
Pierced through my soul's obtrusive night,
 Destroying fear;
Regaining strength, I raised my head,
While hope returned and gently said,
"Thy Father lives, fear not the dread,
 Lo! He is near."

Soon staid the storm, and all was well ;
Still near my feet were death and hell.

Then some one spoke :
"Trust thou in God," He said more sweet,
"For death and hell beneath my feet
Are crushed"; and both were in retreat,
When I awoke.

The Purest Smile.

Were life extended as the scroll,
And home a blissful paradise ;
When gloomy clouds above it roll,
And o'er the furious tempest rise ;
To find an angel were it mine
Who would domestic gloom beguile ;
I'd seek that one with faith divine,
Who meets her hardships with a smile.

Were all the kinds of Eves to pass
Before my face from day to day ;
And were it mine to choose a lass
To roll a world of woe away,
And I, the only worshiper
Of all the slaves of tyrant Style,
I'd choose and crown the brow of her
Who bears her burdens with a smile.

The flattered, flaunting, faking flirt
 Would but a deep disdain awake :
 The flower bedecked with Fashion's dirt
 I would not kiss for Beauty's sake :
 But ah ! that loving seraph fair,
 Who turns from every pleasure vile,
 Who stands amidst the storms severe,
 And braves the tempest with a smile.

A demon lurks within thy breast
 Who only smiles with silk and fan ;
 Who's only happy with the best,
 Who weds the money, not the man ;
 Who hugs the lamb to rend and tear
 Like wolf, with teeth and talon vile ;
 Safe is the man who shuns such snare,
 Blest is the man who hates thy smile.

Bright smiles are not of life the whole ;
 The sweetest smiles we see in tears,
 When deep within a humble soul
 Bears hopefully the load of years :
 In life it cheers ; in death it soothes,
 When nothing else can reconcile ;
 The path to heaven how it smooths,
 Surpassing the angelic smile !

We Are Black, but We Are Men.

What's the boasted creed of color?

'Tis no standard for a race;

Justice' mansion has no cellar,

All must fill an even place.

We must share the rights of others,

Dwelling here as kin with kin;

We are black, but we are brothers;

We are black, but we are men.

Heaven smiles on all the dwellers

Of creation's varied breeds;

Virtue beameth not in colors,

But in kind and noble deeds.

Though in humble contemplation,

Driven here from den to den;

We're a part of this great nation;

We are black, but we are men.

South, the land we love so dearly,

Wilt thou plunge us in despair?

Wilt thou hate a brother merely

For the texture of his hair?

Boast yourselves as our superiors,

We allow your claim, but then,

We are black, but not inferiors;

We are black, but we are men.

When our God His image gave thee,
We received a mortal's due;
And when Jesus died to save thee,
Died to save the Negro too.
Stabbed by death, by sorrows driven,
Through one gate we enter when
Passing into hell or heaven;
We are black, but we are men.

Hundreds crowding every college,
What will ye to them impute?
Climbing up the tree of knowledge,
Reaching for the golden fruit.
To this creed the world converting,
There's no virtue in the skin;
Daily proving, still asserting,
We are black, but we are men.

Yet in spite of Death the Raider,
And in spite of hellish strife;
We must rise from this low nadir
To the zenith of this life.
Rising though they mob and seize us,
Hound and chase o'er moor and fen;
Rising by Thy grace, O Jesus!
We are black, but we are men.

Heaven hath your deeds recorded,
Vengeance is Jehovah's own!

And though late, you'll be rewarded,
You must reap what you have sown !
Trusting, Father, to Thy goodness,
We shall in the conflict win ;
Yet, forgive our brethren's rudeness ;
Let us live like loving men.

Reminiscent.

There are sad and mournful days
Which return without relief,
When the little ones sit nodding round the hearth ;
When the father's pensive gaze,
And the mother's look of grief
Seem to spurn the very thought of joy and mirth.

Home is not the home of old
When the rapture of those hours
Brought a balm instead of burdens to the breast ;
When the golden moments rolled
Like the dewdrops from the flowers,
But returned again at morning, and caressed.

Sadly, though, the scene has changed,
And those sweeter hours are gone,
All is silent and how oft our hearts do burn !
For the home is disarranged,
And a dear and loving one
Has departed, and will never more return.

Though we turn our eyes above,
Peering through the vacant air,
Still that dear familiar form no more we see;
And that soft, sweet voice of love,
And that faithful heart of prayer,
Though I call, but they will never answer me.

My poor heart can never tell,
Save by sighing while forlorn,
To the neighbors whom we greet with breathless nod—
What doth in the bosom swell—
What is by the spirit borne,
As it heaves its deep-felt sorrows up to God.

Oh, the moments seem to tire
As the old clock keeps its pace
With the weary fleeting hours as on they move;
We sit gazing in the fire
As it gleams back in the face,
Telling of the inward strife of grief and love.

Tears unwelcomed steal their way
Down the sorrow-riven cheek—
Touching lightly on the garments—freely poured;
And the lips forbear to say
What the broken heart would speak;
Still we all remember well the last sweet word.

Friends who whisper to uphold
Oft but vex our thankless grief,
And their soothing words but seem like sounding brass ;
But when He, whose love untold,
Softly breathes His kind relief,
Then we yield and say, "Thy will be done," at last.

That relief will only come
To the meek and trusting heart ;
'Tis the sweetest balm that heaven to mortal gives—
Tells of meetings over Home,
Where we nevermore shall part ;
Of those mansions glorious, grand, where Jesus lives.

Oh, it sheds its sacred beams
In my humble cottage here,
And what heavenly light it gives ! what joy untold !
Till sometimes it really seems
That with my dear ones over there
And with Jesus I now walk the streets of gold.

To the Sacred Memory of N. G. Gonzales.

Embalmed in South Carolina's love,
He sleeps ;
With lion strength and heart of dove,
He sleeps ;

While o'er the tomb our heads we bow,
Love's final tribute to bestow;
Beneath a mound of flowers now
 He sleeps.

With folded arms across the breast,
 He sleeps;
Reposed in that eternal rest,
 He sleeps;
Far from the loud, keen clash of strife,
Far from the love of friends and wife,
Far from the busy paths of life,
 He sleeps.

'Tis but the wounded, mortal span
 That sleeps.

'Tis not the higher, nobler man
 That sleeps.

His soul, illustrious and sublime,
Soars high above the peaks of Time;
To that diviner, happier clime
 He leaps!

Afterwards.

There fell a man to virtue born—
To love a lord—to truth a king—
To law a priest, whose fate we mourn;
 Beneath anarchy's venom'd sting.

The fight for honor long had past,
And he, the victor in the strife,
Was smitten by the Luger's blast,
But triumphed more in death than life.

Beneath the dome where Hampton's voice
Still hums his last immortal lay,
Where once Calhoun (the people's choice)
With thunder rivaled thundering Clay;
A moving arsenal of death
Impaled its honored shrine in shame;
And with the fury of its breath,
Extinguished life's supernal flame!

He fell a wounded hero, low,
Yet thoughtless of his fate so nigh;
He threw his hands upon his brow
And looked into eternity.
Far viewed, the fields of Eden stood,
Inviting palm and waiting kin;
E'en on the margin of the flood,
He felt no consciousness of sin.

A stunning shock, a thrill of dread,
Aroused a trembling people's fears;
The messenger declared him dead,
And South Carolina bowed in tears.

A wounded State with Justice fled,
 An orphan law with Mercy gone,
 Bowed with an aching heart and head,
 While bold anarchy trampled on!

Ah! weep with me, ye Muses here,
 Lo! widowed love unpitied stands,
 With face all torn by grief severe,
 With broken heart and helpless hands—
 Where lies a head with honor crowned—
 Where finds the valiant heart repose—
 Where sleeps a dear one 'neath the mound—
 Where fades the violet and the rose!

Let marble shaft his ashes span,
 And tell the listening ears of Time
 The worth and virtues of the man—
 The horrors of a sinner's crime.
 Let fame a fadeless laurel give,
 While his immortal annals tell
 The life of honor he did live—
 The cause for which Gonzales fell!

King Edward.

Son of the world's most loving queen,
 Heir of a blest and pious throne,
 Beam of a star whose silver sheen
 Is faded and forever gone;

Mourn not the royal dust's repose,
Nor weep the silence of that voice
Whose sweetness quelled uprising foes,
Her alien subjects made rejoice.

In the sepulchral palace where
She lies 'twixt two archangels tall,
The hostile tempests breathe not there,
Nor storms of fury shake the wall.
There peace perpetual bless the shrine,
There royal hands move not to toil,
There love is perfect and divine,
And life is more than death can spoil.

Crowns fade not there, nor thrones decay,
Nor scepters fail, nor foes defame,
Nor empires rise up in one day,
And sink and perish in the same.
A strong dominion, glorious, grand,
A lasting throne, a fadeless crown,
Through endless ages ever stand,
And such is now Victoria's own.

God grant thy reign may so improve
Till Europe a millennium see—
A thousand years of peace and love,
A thousand of prosperity.
Let Britain spread her borders far,
Till all breathe her congenial air;
Till the immortal Stripe and Star
Shall wed the Lion on the Square.

Thine be a reign not fraught with strife,
 A throne unthreatened and undoomed;
 Safe as the paradise of life,
 Bright as the kingdom unbegloomed.
 Thine be no partial scepter swayed
 By warring creeds, but full of grace;
 A crown with purest gems arrayed,
 Sublime to all the human race.

King! Africa, my fatherland,
 Awaits the blessing of the crown;
 Extend to her a helping hand,
 Though weighed by woe and warfare down.
 Give sure relief and safe retreat,
 Grasp all her shores in Britain's arms;
 And then forbid that tyrant feet
 Should crush and rend her with alarms.

Blest be the crown whose glories shone
 Around Victoria's gentle brow;
 Lord God, preserve her royal son,
 And be his strong protector now.
 Who next the royal lineage brings
 Victoria's virtues still retain;
 What else her sons should be but kings?
 What else her heirs should do but reign?

No Longer a Slave.

No longer a slave, for
The ages are gone
Which bound us in shackles
Like monsters of stone ;
Which hunted for mortals
Like beasts of the wood,
Despising the soul of
The helpless and good ;
And herding and droving
The broods of the race
By the sting of the lash
And the frown of the face.
Thus hated and driven
From cradle to grave ;
Now blest with their freedom,
No longer a slave.

No longer a slave, though
The dent of the chain,
And the wounds of the lash
Upon us remain ;
Though the clouds of that day
So darkly depart,
Still hurling its thunders
Of wrath at the heart,
Still flashing its sabers
Of lightning again,

That terror may bind us
More fast than the chain;
But still unalarmed, in
The battle as brave,
We shout to the masters,
"No longer a slave!"

No longer a slave; for
The ransom was paid
By the life of the noble—
The blood of the dead—
By tears of the mother,
The woes of the wife—
The blood of the soldiers,
So fearless in strife,
Who, facing the cannon,
Inhaling its breath,
Did offer their lives on
The altars of death!
With groans of the dying,
And shouts of the brave,
How solemn the echo!
No longer a slave!

No longer a slave; now
In freedom to live,
In freedom to die and
To love and forgive;

In freedom to reign at
The family fold,
To shelter my own from
The storm and the cold.
Though only a cabin
My mansion may be,
I'm happy, O Heaven!
Since now I am free:
Though nothing but a board
Shall point out my grave,
Still write on the head-piece,
"No longer a slave."

No longer a slave; and
To heaven we sing
The praise of the Father,
The wonderful King,
Who gave to the Nation
A friend of the poor
Like Lincoln, who freed us;
That freedom we 'dore.
In word and in deed, and
In virtue and good,
We'll pay to this nation
The price of her blood;
A tribute of love we
Will pay to the brave,
Who fell, but exclaiming,
"No longer a slave!"

Judging.

Judge not a man by what he says,
The mouth can speak a thousand ways,
 With truth untold;
The knave can imitate the pure,
The liar speak just like the true;
The thief is somewhat honest too,
 The sneak is bold.

Ne'er judge a lady by her looks,
Her face is like fictitious books,
 An author's trick;
When most she takes you for a fool,
A loving look will be her rule;
Yet in her heart she is a mule,
 Prepared to kick.

But judge her by that holy stare,
If meekness reigns supremely there,
 She'll blush and whirl;
When uncommanded beauty beams,
When love flows like a thousand streams,
And floats you, like a ship, it seems—
 Then, that's the girl.

The hardest thing on earth to guess
Is falsehood in its Sunday dress—
 A holy sham!

With pious face and roguish eyes,
It schemes to take you by surprise,
Though but a lion in disguise,
And not a lamb.

Judge not a preacher by his coat,
For he may be a jack or goat,
To butt and kick;
But judge his life, his love, his walk,
Nor be deceived by mournful talk;
He may be just a holy hawk,
To catch the chick.

Judge not at all, lest ye be judged,
Unless your life has been emerged
From filth about;
A monkey mocks his brother's shame,
The brother turns and does the same,
And both at last are then to blame;
So just look out!

Gen. Wade Hampton.

Veteran of a thousand battles,
Conqueror of unnumbered frays!
Those whom you once held as chattels
Still recall thy name with praise;

Those who knelt around you praying,
With their shackles harnessed tight,
Wept to see you die, but saying,
“Father, bless both black and white.”

Though in calm repose you slumber,
All of life an afterdream;
Though you’ve gone to join that number
Far beyond the solemn stream;
Though you’re harping with the singers
In that Home to which we tend;
Sweet! ah, sweet! the memory lingers
Of a master and a friend.

Right e’er found thee brave, but tender;
Wrong could not around thee grow;
Virtue knew thee as defender,
Vice regarded thee its foe.
Greatest of Carolina’s brothers,
Bravest of thy natal sod;
Lo! thy life was spent for others,
For thy country and thy God.

Say, ye friends, let all repeat it
While receding ages move—
Fled from strife but not defeated,
Dead, but lives embalmed in love!

Speak, ye tongues, your chieftain's glory;
Rhyme his name, ye bards, and sing;
Tell to the unborn the story
Of the patriot, soldier, king!

Fame her sacred beams is pouring
Where the world's Wade Hampton lies,
Shaded by an oak adoring
'Neath Columbia's sunny skies.
Earth! the good increase thy numbers,
Clay! this mortal star enclose,
Tomb! in thee a conqueror slumbers;
Hampton resting in repose!

The Wife Problem.

When your wife is hard to rule,
She's a 'oman;
Don't be kicking like a mule,
She's a 'oman;
Let her 'lone in what she's doin',
She is but her way pursuin';
She don't care if she does ruin,
She's a 'oman.

If she quarrels now and then,
She's a 'oman;
Just make up and kiss again,
She's a 'oman;

Talk of gospel till you're dead,
There's no Bible in her head ;
Just make up and kiss instead ;
 She's a 'oman.

Never answer every breath,
 She's a 'oman ;
She can talk your tongue to death,
 She's a 'oman ;
When she's ragin', never fret,
Call her honey, call her pet ;
Don't you understand 'er yet ?
 She's a 'oman.

If she breaks your pocketbook,
 She's a 'oman ;
Needn't twitch your eyes and look,
 She's a 'oman :
She is fresh, and she is funny,
She is sugar, she is honey
When she wants to get your money ;
 She's a 'oman.

When you take her out to ride,
 She's a 'oman ;
Make her think she's just a bride,
 She's a 'oman ;
Tell her she is pretty, though
It's a story, but you know
That's the way we have to do
 With a 'oman.

Dorothy Dix.

Dorothy Dix, Dorothy Dix,
Thou Shakspeare of the family fold,
Whose love and wisdom grandly mix—
Surpassing that of sages old.
Thy pen, the scepter of the home,
Shall guide in peace and shield in strife,
Till thoughtless bride and giddy groom
Be made a husband and a wife.

Dorothy Dix, Dorothy Dix,
High priestess of the holy place,
Whose cherubs their bright pinions fix,
And stare each other in the face;
Read Love's commands with sacred awe,
Till heart and heart shall be made whole,
Till Love's Shekinah writes the law
Upon the marble of the soul.

Dorothy Dix, Dorothy Dix,
Rise up and thy blest sex incline
To love with love that knows no tricks,
A love both simple and divine;
Till home be "Home, sweet home," again—
A paradise of joy and mirth—
Till love in every cottage reign—
Till peace preside at every hearth.

Where Shall I End?

How sweet is the morning!
How golden the dawn!
The night is despairing,
The stars are forlorn,
The dear moon is weary,
And sinks in the west;
The star of the morning
Is shining his best.

The trees are awaking,
And humming today
A welcome of gladness—
A rapturous lay.
The lyrical brooklets
Are rhyming their themes,
And shout as they journey
To the mother of streams.

The birds are awaking,
The chickens do skip;
The old hen is clucking,
The biddies do chip,
While down in the bottom
The old whippoorwill
Is chanting the dirges
Of the evening still.

The old mule is braying
 With head o'er the gate ;
And mournfully praying,
 Don't slumber too late.
The smoke is ascending,
 And curling away,
And bearing to heaven
 The prayers of the day.

The baby is rubbing
 His eyelids of steel,
And whirling and whining
 To break off the seal.
And mother is cooking,
 And watching the sun ;
And papa is waiting
 Till breakfast is done.

And Johnny is whistling
 A hymn or a reel,
And goading the mule with
 The spur on his heel.
The plowman has started,
 The furrow begun ;
But where shall he end at
 The setting of sun ?

I look over the field,
 Its broadness survey,

And try to determine
My task for the day ;
I ponder and think as
Life's furrow I run,
Lord, where shall I end at
The setting of sun ?

Beginning in brightness,
To end in the gloom ;
Arising so cheerful,
To enter the tomb ;
And starting so sprightly,
In joy or in fun ;
But where shall I end at
The setting of sun ?

Pursuing and singing,
In silence to hush ;
And hoping, and living,
In death's arms to rush ;
And, toiling and gaining,
To lose what is won :
Lord, where shall I end at
The setting of sun ?

Now starting with plenty,
To leave off with naught ;
Designing and scheming,
To spoil what is wrought :

Beginning with many,
To lie down alone ;
Be heaven my end at
The setting of sun !

You're a 'Ool.

If you love him for his looks,
You're a 'ool ;
Better bite a thousand hooks,
Like a 'ool ;
Beauty's teeth are sharp and sly,
Though they only bite the eye,
If the bitten does not die,
I'm a 'ool.

He is handsome, sweet and fine,
Course, you 'ool ;
That's the place to set your line
For a 'ool ;
But when you get on his hook,
You will find a devilish crook ;
Heart contrary to the look ;
Too late, 'ool.

Oh, he'll give the presents now
To his 'ool ;
Just to make you take the vow,
Like a 'ool ;

After that you'll buy your own,
Pay him dearly for the loan ;
He will sleep, but you work on,
Poor old 'ool!

Better choose a stack of rags,
Pretty 'ool ;
One who works and never brags
Like a 'ool ;
Works from morn to setting sun ;
When his daily task is done,
Comes to kiss his darling one,
Wiser 'ool.

Let the social people talk,
'Bout you 'ool ;
When their horses kick and balk,
Who's the 'ool ?
While yours climb the steepest hill,
Faithful, loving, gentle still ;
Ah ! your love he'll never spill,
Angel 'ool !

Choice of Love.

At last I've found the one I love,
Though long the precious hour delayed;
Though oft it seemed that faith would prove
Untrue, the more I bowed and prayed;
At last I've met her fond embrace;
I loved her ere I saw her face.

I had the picture in my mind—
There treasured as a sacred scroll;
'Twas not by skill or art designed,
But wrought by love deep in my soul;
That very look, that smile of grace—
I loved her ere I saw her face.

Though queens have passed me on life's way,
I let them go and walked alone;
I knew that there would come a day
When I would meet my darling one:
It came, and now I've won the race;
I loved her ere I saw her face.

Dame Fashion's charms could never move,
And social schemes could never bind;
And custom could not change that love
Where lived a picture in the mind;
We met in love's appointed place,
And, oh, how sweet was the embrace!

Amidst the thronging multitude,
I saw her smile, and strangely, though,
'Twas one my heart had often viewed,
And one my spirit seemed to know;
When eye met eye each spoke with grace;
"I loved thee ere I saw thy face."

Without the painful toil of art—
The magic touch of friendly aid—
We nearer drew; 'twas heart to heart
In love's eternal union made:
She drank my soul in with a smile,
And all the world was lost awhile.

'Twas just as natural as a song,
When sings the soul in rapture high:
There is no use of blushing long
When love is talking through your eye:
Just give right up as lovers do,
And love will prove itself more true.

No use of talking of your worth,
Or what of learning you approve;
The only happiness on earth
Is just to wed the one you love;
The love is all the wealth you need,
He who is loved is rich, indeed.

'Tis not the face that makes the love,
Else some of us would hate like gall;
'Tis not the smile that we approve,
For some of us can't smile at all:
But something deep within, divine,
That says, "I'll give my heart for thine."

Should death divide, thy heart will crave
That presence, though you can't retain;
Your love will weep around that grave,
No matter how you court again;
And oft you'll say in that lone spot,
"I love thee, though I see thee not."

And heaven never was too high
For love to reach his ladder there,
And hope in that sweet "by-and-by,"
To spend eternity with "Dear";
Why, such a place just suits the eyes,
To walk with "Dear" in paradise.

It Is Grand to Be Old.

It is grand to be old,
Though weary and worn,
Though bending and bearing
Thy burdens, forlorn;

Though feeble and waning,
And sickly and frail,
With the scars of the fight,
And wounds of the past ;
Still braving the tempest—
The thunder and hail ;
Still trusting in spite of
The furious blast ;
Still pressing your way to
The heavenly fold,
And younger in hope—it
Is grand to be old.

It is grand to be old,
Though furrowed thy brow,
Whose ditches were trended
By sorrow's steel plow ;
Though dimmer thy vision,
And weaker thine eyes,
With the rose of thy cheek
Now faded and gone.
With the look of the young
And the cheer of the wise
Departed, while the skin
Still cleaves to the bone ;
But brighter and brighter
Thine eyes can behold
The Canaan of love, and
The home of the old.

It is grand to be old,
 Though withered the hand,
And though falter thy feet
 To walk or to stand ;
So weary of earth and
 So sick of its charms,
Contemning its riches
 And pleasures so vain ;
Defying its conflicts—
 Its empty alarms,
And hoping for heaven,
 Where there is no pain :
Renewed and invigorated,
 Courageous and bold ;
Still trusting in Jesus,
 How grand to be old !

Appomattox.

Proud Appomattox ! evermore
 Thy peace we keep ;
From North to South, from shore to shore,
 Thy fruit we reap.
Thou, once the center of the world,
When Lee his tattered banner furled,
Whom fate oft favored, but it whirled
 And pierced more deep.

Drooped, seraph-like, his pinions proud—
His fate to meet ;
'Neath Glory's wreath his head was bowed
In sad defeat,
While near his fearless comrades stood
And ankle-deep in sweat and blood,
Defying still the fiery flood,
They wept retreat.

The fleecy tents were spread around,
So sad to view,
Like herded flocks upon the ground,
All wet with dew.
There 'neath an ancient apple tree
Stood gallant Grant and gallant Lee—
A sight the world was glad to see,
And heaven, too.

"Comrades ! the war is over ; halt !"
The general said ;
"Though we have failed, 'tis not our fault,
Nor of the dead."
The crimson swords with edges keen,
They did in brazen scabbards screen ;
Courageous still, they wept the scene,
With comfort fled.

"We've bravely faced the cannon's mouth,
Nor trembled there ;

To save the honor of the South,
 Again we'd dare;
But courage must to wisdom yield
When things once hid are now revealed;
Come, comrades! let us quit the field,
 And let us cheer!

“Back to our sad, deserted homes,
 We now return;
As bravely face whatever comes,
 Our fortunes earn;
Retracing where we fought and crept—
Where once we watched, and prayed, and slept;
With victory lost and virtue kept,
 Why should we mourn?

“And since surrender is our lot,
 We wisely then
Accept what time and fate have wrought
 For braver men;
When fails the sword, the better way
Becomes the soldier's part to play;
The South will whip the North some day
 With ink and pen.

“Now, let the slave his freedom own
 Like us, the white;
As noble in surrender known
 As in the fight.

Let earth receive what heaven ordains ;
Let Liberty untie their chains,
And God will soothe our wounds and pains—
Our wrong set right.

“Adieu, my comrades ! I have done
My very best ;
Though many from our ranks are gone
To that sweet rest ;
For all we bear, some day on high,
The God of love will tell us why ;
With duty done, I say good-bye !
Be heaven blest.”

Marrying.

He who marries, marries double,
Marries women, marries trouble,
Marries weals and marries woes ;
Only he who marries knows.

Marries sickness, marries health,
Marries want and marries wealth,
Marries pleasure, marries pain,
Marries slayer, marries slain,

Marries go and marries greet,
Marries bitter, marries sweet,
Marries love and marries hate,
Marries fortune, marries fate,

Marries worst and marries best,
Marries stranger, marries guest,
Marries high and marries low,
Marries friend and marries foe,

Marries right and marries wrong,
Marries sorrow, marries song,
Marries honey, marries gall,
Marries nothing, marries all,

Marries gold and marries dross,
Marries servant, marries boss,
Marries sting and marries balm,
Marries thunder, marries calm,

Marries falsehood, marries truth,
Marries age and marries youth,
Marries weakness, marries power,
Marries thorn and marries flower,

Marries fresh and marries taint,
Marries beauty, marries paint,
Marries reckless, marries rule,
Marries wise and marries fool,

Marries joy and marries grief,
Marries honest, marries thief,
Marries peace and marries strife,
Marries death and marries life,

Marries bad and marries well,
 Marries heaven, marries hell;
 Sternest verdict 'neath the sun,
 Marry all or marry none!

The Prophet of the Plow (Washington).

Recumbent on Hope's couch he lies,
 Serenely calm and still;
 To dreamland sweet his spirit flies
 O'er ocean, vale and hill.
 With eagle speed his pinioned soul
 Encircles and surveys
 The South—the vast and wondrous whole
 Appears before his gaze.

At first the giant wild is seen,
 With here and there a place
 Where massive woods stand up between
 The sparsely tilléd waste;
 And there the thriftless toiler plods,
 Nor gaining what is his;
 He tramples on the golden clods,
 And starves where plenty is.

Like hungry broods, his weeping race
 Is crying loud for more,
 While manna grows in every place,
 E'en at the cabin door;

While taller heads than theirs demand
For rent, what crumbs they find ;
And leave them empty purse and hand—
The worst, an empty mind.

There Woe and Want stand grim and tall—
More dangerous than the rope ;
One slays a few, the other all—
A helpless people's hope !
Like herded brute they're driven still,
While stronger chains confine ;
They toil and faint, the earth to till,
And eat the husk of swine.

Hoar Winter falls and finds them bare,
With nothing to inspire ;
A host of shivering children there
Sit freezing at the fire.
Nor safely sheltered from the storm,
While biting winds invade ;
Diseases at the doorway swarm
And death will not be stayed.

The vision takes a brighter turn
(And 'tis a smile of God) ;
His people gathering to learn
The mysteries of the clod.

He, their forerunner, stands to plead,
And pave their pathway now ;
From far they come, with joy they heed
THE PROPHET OF THE PLOW.

He sees in every foot of earth
A lump of waiting gold ;
For every stroke, a drop of mirth ;
And thus he cries, "Behold !
The ready fields their harvests shed ;
Go forth, and plenty find ;
Prosperity's rich store is spread
Before my people blind !"

The forest felled, bright mansions start,
The cabin to supplant,
While thrifty hand weds honest heart,
And Plenty buries Want.
He cries, there's bread for every mouth—
For each a portion just ;
And the salvation of the South
Is wrapped up in the dust.

Back to the plow now each returns,
And to the waiting sheaf ;
While Hope her sacred candle burns
And labor brings relief.

Vast fields on every side—how vast—
With proffered riches wait;
Go forth and reap, your sickles cast,
Nor grovel here too late.

Tuskegee like a molehill starts,
Then like a mountain stands;
The joy and pride of laboring hearts
Upreared by loving hands.
Proud sphinx and pyramid of mind
All former days excel;
Who enter in thy halls, though blind,
Shall not in darkness dwell.

Lo! the astonished nation views—
And marvels at the sight—
The prophet of contrasted hues,
Who leads his race to light.
And on his tiara they read
What ages could not find:
That curls upon the Negro's head
Can never chain his mind;

That blackness may be just as whole,
And just as pure and brave;
That color does not stain the soul,
Nor make the heart deprave.

A monument he rears above,
To all creation's view—
A monument of racial love,
Of faith and friendship, too.

Grief yields to song ; made friends of foes,
While skill their hands employ ;
And the sad tales of Negro woes
Are turned to shouts of joy.
Just then a rapid rustling broke
The sweet and pleasing spell ;
An angel kissed him and he woke,
And made the vision real !

D. D.

I have no D. D. to my name,
For oftentime I scorn 'em ;
It looks just like a faker's game,
A faker must have borne 'em.
I'd rather have my name or naught
Just as my mother gave it ;
When honor can be cheaply bought,
'Tis better not to have it.

There's too much squirrel about you still,
All tail and little-headed ;

You cannot be a man until
The public's praise is dreaded.
Why, would you be a holy sham—
A puffed and haughty brother?
One D is quite enough to damn,
Why do you want another?

Seek not with titles, friend, to bribe
The praise of silly donors;
Be virtuous, and men will ascribe
To you your rightful honors.
If still you think such is the best,
We'll have no fuss about 'em;
You take the D. D.'s and the rest,
I'll be a man without 'em.

New Orleans.

New Orleans! O New Orleans!
I cannot love you, dear;
You have too many "skeeters"
To hollow in my ear.

I like your business manners,
Your "gumbo" is all right;
But your a la mosquitoes
Will make a fellow fight.

This is not a poet's parlor,
 This is not the place to be;
 Not a thought and not a dollar,
 Not a happy day for me.

Baby in the bed is cryin',
 Wife is gruntin' loud and low;
 Is my little darling dying?
 Is the thought that haunts me so.

Flies are whinin' round my shoulder,
 Junin', zunin', in my ear;
 Mice are ever growin' bolder,
 Sailin' all around my chair.

Rooster, he is just a crowin',
 Makin' all the fuss he can;
 And the noisy wind is throwin'
 Down the bucket, broom and pan.

Round and round my head a-ringin',
 "Skeeters" flyin' all the time;
 What on earth can he be singin'?
 Is he tryin' to make a rhyme?

Keep me fannin', keep me fightin',
 And I don't know what to do;
 Every now and then he's bitin',
 Almost knock my head in two.

Bending pensively and pennin'
Every thought that I can find;
But the "skeeters" keep me sinnin',
And I'm tryin' to keep my mind.

Take the street and start to talkin',
People lookin' down my mouth;
In the mud and ditches walkin',
Toughest place in all the South!

Beneath a Smile.

Beneath the smile which cheers us so
There often beats a heart of woe—
A heart made sad
By all the strife, and woe, and pain,
That make the heart their battle plain,
And in the bosom war and reign,
Though we seem glad.

Beneath the smile of those who vowed
To cheer each other through the cloud
Of life's dark day,
There often reigns within a gloom
As dreadful as that last sad doom,
When each lies quiet in the tomb—
The parent clay.

Beneath the smile of lovers, sweet,
There broods the thought of what defeat
 May come at last,
When love in all his triumphs, bold,
Reigns in his youth and then grows old ;
Ah ! what will be the story told,
 When life is past ?

Beneath the smile of mother dear,
While gazing on her angel here—
 Her darling thing ;
She muses, what will here below
Befall her child ; what weal or woe ?
And what on him will death bestow—
 A crown, or sting ?

Beneath the smile we give to those
Whose woes we often make our woes—
 An equal part—
We bear the burdens by them borne,
And oft we smile when most forlorn ;
While deep beneath that smile there mourn
 An aching heart.

The Heart of Woman.

There is a nest deep in her breast,
With many a jewel in it;
The boys, with pain, have tried in vain,
And all have failed to win it.
The sportsman tried with all his pride
To win the blessed treasure;
Though very gay he dressed each day,
She would not yield to pleasure.

The faker came and tried his game
Of soft and sweetest talking,
Until, though late, he saw his fate
Was only words and walking.
The millionaire, with look austere,
And manners high and haughty,
Thus did advance to take a chance,
But glittering wealth was naughty.

And then, there came a man of fame—
Of culture and of splendor;
Though nice he spoke of art and book,
But none of these could win her.
The parson kind, with pious mind,
And coat of awful measure,
Came up and tried, and almost cried
To lose the blessed treasure.

And after all, a workman tall,
A brave, true-hearted yeoman,
With simple look his love he spoke,
And won the heart of woman.
Why is it true that none of you
Could win the precious jewel;
Or was it that you tipped your hat,
And were a little cruel?

Or did she crave a workman brave—
A man so meek and humble?
Or did she think that we would drink,
And yell, and roll, and tumble?
Nay! she admired what LOVE desired,
Not simply the meek yeoman;
But LOVING HEART to take the part
Of loving-hearted WOMAN!

The Last Sweet Word.

For years that sad, sweet day of yore
I've oft deplored;
Yet, cannot tell how many more
May come, O Lord!
But mid the storm and clash of all,
Mid pleasures sweet, and sorrow's gall;
And, sadly though, I still recall
The last sweet word.

The world is changed and life grows new
As years roll by ;
Though things present another view
Unto mine eye,
Midst rising sentiment and song,
Midst all the shouting, toiling throng ;
I still recall, though e'er so long,
The last sweet word.

'Twas uttered on the dying bed
By one I love ;
Though long since up to heaven fled—
To live above ;
Though fate or fortune me befall,
Though peace may bless, or strife appall,
This is at last the best of all,
The last sweet word.

'Twas spoken as I made a vow,
With hand in mine ;
While death-dews stained the radiant brow,
Which looked divine,
And while one breathed a parting sigh,
Still pointing upward to the sky,
Then whispered low to me, "GOOD-BY!"
The last sweet word.

I oft recall it when alone,
With heavy heart ;

And say, we'll meet around the throne,
No more to part ;
And often, too, I seem to hear
A whisper saying to mine ear,
You promised long to meet me, dear.
How sweet the word !

To the Bachelor.

Go wed a wife, nor longer wait,
It may be well ;
Go wed thy fortune, or thy fate—
Thy heaven or hell ;
Perhaps a demon full of strife,
Perhaps an angel for a wife
May be your weal or woe in life ;
Lord, who can tell ?

In hope to win the best, advance,
Nor dread the gloom ;
All life is but a certain chance
'Twixt doom and doom ;
A poltroon he who "baches" here,
And spurns the burden he should bear ;
He dies, unworthy of a tear,
E'en of a tomb.

Life's better joys are never known,
Till love you know ;
Two loving hearts together grown
Make heaven below ;
If some true heart be joined to thine,
Though sorrows come, still love will shine ;
Life joined to love becomes divine,
Without it, woe !

You love no one? How sad thy life!
How poor a rule!
If you can love, why not a wife?—
Love's living pool!
The hawk loves hawk, and dove loves dove,
Quail goes with quail, e'en buzzards love ;
Are you of all beneath, above,
The single fool?

My Dove.

My Dove, you've caused my heart to bleed,
And sadly sit and cry,
When there was none my groans to heed,
And none to satisfy ;
That thou should from my bosom turn,
And all my heart's affections spurn,
That worst of fates that I might learn,
I often wonder, Why?

The golden morning of our love
Is now a gloomy sky ;
Why did you stretch your wings, my Dove,
So far away to fly ?
How did your heart consent to leave
Me all alone to sit and grieve,
With none my spirit to relieve ?
Will you not tell me why ?

Bereft of life's most dearest friend
Save that Dear One on high ;
I often wish that death would end
My grief, and let me die ;
I'd gladly feel his fiery sting,
And all the pains that death can bring,
To soar away to Christ, my King,
That He might tell me why ?

Joined to a fate of woe and love,
I only sing and sigh ;
Perhaps I'll find relief, my Dove,
In that sweet by-and-by ;
Since silence seals the answer here,
I must submit, my fate to bear ;
But over there, my Dove, my Dear,
I'll never ask you why ?

The Vassals of the Bar.

Are these not brothers of mankind,
Who toil in striped shame?
And have they not a soul and mind?
Or only men in name?
Though they are weak and born to fate,
Should we less godly prove?
Have we the charity to hate,
And not a heart to love?

What hope have they of better things?
What hope of heaven high,
When human law to mortal brings
A human hell so nigh?
In social shame your whites and blacks
Do clean your dirty street;
A world of woe upon their backs,
And shackles on their feet.

E'en at your governor's mansion door,
These felons toil for you;
Though they have sinned, why crush the poor?
Are we not sinners too?
Though sinners rich from windows stare
Upon their chums in chains;
They pay their fines, and them you clear,
But not from moral stains.

And were these free, you'd hardly pay
One nickel for their time ;
And now you work them all the day,
And still grow rich on crime.
Your bulls and beeves are pastured far,
Your mules are fed and groomed ;
But these poor vassals of your bar
To public shame are doomed.

E'en the old swine with filthy share
Is kept in backyards well ;
While men the public's contempt bear,
The worse—a public hell !
They clean your streets, the dirt you pile
On souls, you crush and jam ;
What you should purge, you make more vile,
What you should bless, you damn !

You kill their sense of moral shame,
And make them more deprave :
Your guards, who watch their human game,
Should they not seek to save ?
Ah ! is it not enough to toil,
From every pleasure torn—
From mother, home, and freedom's spoil,
To wamble, weep and mourn ?

Those boys in stripes have seen, I know,
Than these much better things :

Yet they may rise, though now so low,
And be your future kings.
Has Charity no secret place
Her wretches to conceal,
And let these creatures of disgrace
Enjoy a moment's weal?

Thou hast a son, and canst not say
What fate your child may meet ;
Yet he may wear the chains some day,
And sweep some dirty street !
Be this ascribed, while law approves,
Not to your nobler aim,
Not to your honor nor your love ;
But South Carolina's shame !

The Station.

Man will rise in his ambition,
Rend the rocks and mountains here,
Raise the devil and sedition,
Till he gains his natural pier.
Then in thankful contemplation,
With his tears and toils forgot,
He will occupy his station,
And is happy with his lot.

Politician is no preacher,
Village parson is no pope;
Each contented as a teacher,
This is all of life they hope.
What's the people's condemnation,
If they make no higher shot?
Each is measured for his station,
And is happy with his lot.

Cannon cannot hit a sparrow,
Yet the marksman is no fool;
But the boy who aims the arrow
Is the master of his school.
But when fighting for his nation,
Then the gunner hits the spot;
Each is measured for his station,
And is happy with his lot.

Some are made to coin the dollar,
Some to reap them from the row;
Some to sit up in the parlor,
Some to wrestle with the hoe.
Some to rob their own relation,
Some to give with meekest grace;
Each is measured for his station,
And is happy in his place.

Some are made to cheer the people,
Some to mourn, with banner furled;

Some to climb the highest steeple,
Show their faults to all the world.
Such is life in all creation,
But the man with faith in heart
Is best fitted for his station,
And is happiest with his part.

One should never blame another
For his humble station here ;
We should love and help a brother
When the conflict grows severe.
Strive to reach your destination,
Never stop until you do ;
Do not take your brother's station,
It will be no good to you.

This is not a caricature,
Still, it should not us alarm ;
'Tis divinest human nature
To be faithful and be calm.
With the boon of full salvation,
With the ills of life forgot,
And with heaven my last station,
I'll be happy with my lot.

Wonders of Love.

PART I.

Love is the chief glory of the universe ;
The supernal LIFE ; the saccharine sweetly
Flowing of the Nature called Divine ; the
Sovereign attribute, the Soul—the grand
Immortal Ego of rarest majesties—
The universal Soul of Deity ;
The gist of Goodness, holy and unborn,
Nor yet inherited ; the God-Life's high
Quintessence, inherent and intrinsic !
He is the centripetal of all souls—
All worlds ; and about His holy footstool
All suns revolve, all moons blush, pale and bow,
All stars shimmer and sing eternally.
He is the bright and fair celestial Flame—
The everlasting Noon—the blest and sweet
Eternal Day ; from whose unapproachable
Zenith He pours majestic floods on all,
The universal ocean fills. With Thee,
Thou universal Throb, Thou universal
Life, ten million suns, refulgent, bright, like
One great orb from one immortal center
Burning, are but a spark compared ! Were all
The seas, eternal and terrestrial,
Poured into one, 'twere only a drop.
O Love ! O Love ! with thine no depth compares,
No height a similitude suggests, and

No fullness can portray to finite mind
The faintest thought of Thy incomputable
Immensity! Only to Thyself, and
To Thyself alone, art Thou fully known.
Falls, falls each being—seraph, spirit, or
Man—to an inferior scale. Nor can
Their blended forms, and strengths, and wings ascend
The wondrous height—Thy most sacred dwelling-
Place—Eternity's SANCTUM SANCTORUM!

Love is omnipresent, gracious and good,
All powerful, glorious, wondrous, kind;
And His divinest expression is life.
All natures draw the essence of their souls,
The life of their spirits, the acumen
Of their genius, from this celestial Spring.
Particles, ignescent and invisible—
Transforming themselves into living beings—
Angels, spirits, men—beings on Love's pure
Fires fed, armed with power and winged with light, are
Ever flying from this divine matrix.
They go like busy bees with honey and
Song, and group themselves in blissful spheres
To their sweet natures suited, and call their
New location heaven. Their hands no crimson
Scythes or thirsty weapons helve; nor do their
Lips embrace the brazen trump to stir with
Dreadful blast their comrades for the strife. Their
Feet tread joyfully the thornless maze and

Stride the mountain's even sides with spirit
Pace, while golden lutes and silver lyres—born
Instruments of praise—engage their native
Powers. Over hills eternal their sweet
Voices rise in holy anthems unto Love.
But the highest note, the most tremendous
Lay that heaven's immortal choirs can hurl,
Falls far short of a common expression
Of that Glory of glories. It murmurs
Like the shallow wave upon the nether
Shore, while all the great, profounder deep lies
Undisturbed. Here at His shrine the hoary
Head may ponder long in pensive silence
And shed its frosty glory all in vain
To vie the high honors of His footstool.
And even in the hope of this embrace,
The aspiring youth must find his greatest
Strength in a keener sense of his weakness.
For where approaching cherubim kneel with
Shining pinions dropped, with wiser heads made
Bare, with guiltless faces veiled, and shrink in
Adoring unworthiness to kiss His
Hallowed feet, there men must faint and die!

Love's coruscant breath is life's divinest
Spark. Who this inhales must never think of
Death. Cool though at times the flame to us may
Seem, and thoughtless men would oft declare it
Dead; but still the living germ is there, and

Still imperishable. Dies never the soul
That lives to love; nor faints the heart, nor fail
The wings that feel the heavenly thrill. Its
Wounds are healed in hopeful flight; its ills are
Lost in song. Its reproductive powers
Are irresistible; its movement is
Orbicular—revolving as it moves,
Moving ever onward and upward as
It revolves—reaching out for higher and
Sublimar heights, tending to its heavenly
Center. In its retrocessive flight it
Produces other selves, other souls and
Loves, until myriads of happy creatures
Are born; then it leads the shouting choir of
Its own progeny singing back to God.

Beings are always being made; the act
Of creation is eternal. Love spends
No idle time in aimless supinity.
But He is ever improving upon
His divine stock and adding to His fold.
With every breath another world to bright
Existence springs and joins the sisterhood
Of worlds. Space, illimitable Space, must
Yet contain billions of burning spheres, and
The glorious consummation of all
Progressive eons shall finally make
An indivisible domain of the
Multifarious whole. He labors not

Avariciously ; not with the miser's
Niggard aim, nor the long-eyed tyrant's thirst.
God would have all His children share with Him
The glory and power of His dominion.

Though at the Universe's helm,
He steers eternally there ;
A throne, a diadem, a realm,
Await each royal heir !

And why wrought Paternal Love nature's vast
Fabric so, but that His sons might reign over
All the broad and pleasant region where naught
Might interrupt their joys, obstruct their lay,
Or stay the rapture of their better hours ?
Would He not have His earthly children to
Congregate and sing like the harmonious
Hosts of heaven ; to cluster without a
Clash, to sing without a sigh, to greet without
Grief, and to smile without frowning ; with
All the earth as smooth, and calm, and sweet as
A cloudless sky at summer eve ; with every
Soul a shining star, and every star a
Lover ; with warfare never known and its
Vile art untaught ; nor yet to shrink a pain,
Or foe, or dreaded task ; nor ever feel the
Fiery sting of Death's ignited arrows ?
Would He not have our sad surroundings here
Clothed in soothing light and carpeted with

Fadeless green, while Nature's hand direct the
Woven vine, touch the honeyed bud till
All its petals smile; garland all the rocks
And hills in mossy majesty—clothe the
Forest in grandeur of green—embroider
The bosom of the maiden plain with roses
Of rarest beauty, while Life, Light and Love—
Heaven's earthly trinity—hold sway over
Tranquil land and quiescent sea and isle?

If thou wouldst know the loving kindness of
Thy God, mark well thy own creation. See
What was wrought and for whose sake arose this
Stupendous temple here; though now so wrecked,
Defiled and torn, 'twas better made when first
Designed for thee, and shall be reconstructed.
Come, walk with me along those ancient shores
Where nothing was until the earth was made.
Venerable Shade! Imperial Gloom!
Thy voiceless vacuum I now traverse.
Majestic Night, monarchical Darkness, yield!
Unbar thy doors of adamant, nor let thy
Inky arches frown and bid me stay. Thou
Proud dominion of old Nocturnity,
Thy darkness is not of such that one might
Fear to roam thy realms alone; but safely
Screened from every eye save that which seeth
All, one feels the security of the babe
Who buries its face in mother's gentle

Breast, contemning outer fate. No paths are
Found, nor voices heard, nor anthems smite the
Ear. No hurried shrieks with terror pierce, nor
Frightful images surround. No ghastly
Visages, nor growling brutes, nor croaking fiends
Are met with here. Here night is divine
And beautiful. The darkest shades are
Balmy, cool and sweet, worthy of the fond
Embrace of a lover. God's sable robe
Of silk! And here, guided only by the
Senses of the soul and viewing all by
Faith, one walks more safely than in regions
Invaded by the swift-feet warriors of
Light. Here life is death, and death a blissful
Sleep. For never have angels' salient wing
O'erleaped thy walls nor pierced thy shade.

Mysterious Night! thou womb of ancient worlds,
Lo! near thy door a sovereign footstep treads—
A sovereign voice commands, "Fly wide!" Behold!
Jehovah comes down from the throne, and down
The shining way! Ah! what a sight! over
Vast Elysium's blissful realms, transporting,
Glorious, grand (as thickly meshed as rushes
In the prairie marsh), bright angels stand with
Interlacing wings upheld and arching
Every brow. Well might they screen their faces
And shield the tearless stare which His
Transplendent glory dazes. They view Him now—

Jehovah passing—descending to the
Deep! Like us, their sweetest lays, their highest
Notes of praise, are sung in silent awe. Times
There beseem when thought, although no sound is
heard,
Speaks louder than the seven thunders' voice.
'Tis when the tongue and harp despair to warble
Hallowed lays—when walketh the soul alone
With God. The rustling of whose sacred robe
Is more than song can breathe. And anthems sung
By thought are sweeter still. 'Tis not the sound
That singeth, but the soul. Thus sing the hosts.
Drawn from His sovereign girth, a thousand
Golden keys strung on a golden chain, the
Great Jehovah now unlocks the awful
Doors of Night. Over the black precipice
Of granite shade, down umbrous stairs and dark
Meanderings in kingly contemplation
He winds His way. Impregnate Gloom with Love
In holy parturiency are met in
Pan's nigrescent chamber, and from the womb
Of black Nonentity He calls an infant
World. Now cradled in the embracing lap
Of Love, young Nature see! and ah! behold,
How shapeless, inane, void! Alone He moves,
While embosomed in all the gemless majesty of
Primal Night, whose solemn shades hold over all
Quiescent sway, and listening gloom in
Sable pomp kneels reverently around.

Yet, not a voice is heard, nor rustling of
Cherubic wing disturb the calm, nor tongues
Of fire, nor lips of burning loves, nor harps
That live, breathe forth a sacred sound
Of high empyrean song. No clarion
Voices clatter here or hum emollient
Echoes. No shining heaps of enraptured
Worshippers, nor tinkling crowns of pure
Celestial grandeur enshrine His feet.
No champing steed with fiery mane, lightning
Feet and thundering breath with chariot waits.
Alone He walks in keeping with His
Love's commandings, in holy, omniscient
Anticipation of that time when a
Newly-fashioned world and a newborn
Child of love shall sing at His paternal
Shrine. As with magic stroke, He moves His hand
While willing darkness yields, and the ancient
Bulwarks of adamant blackness He
Levels low. Spacious enough creation's
Bounds are spread, and in the swarthy robe of
Blushing Shade He enfolds infant Nature.

Perhaps fresh from the great Designer's palm;
Perhaps long since conceived and just brought forth,
A higher mission to pursue; perhaps
A hoary world with all its former forces
Spent—recast in the universal mold—
Rewrought for nobler and sublimer flights.

A deep, calm mist, impenetrable and
Dark, encloses around. The far-seeing
Sister spheres cast down a solemn, smiling
Stare, and wait with ready lips, with halted
Approbation to kiss the darling thing.
Now panting for its infant breath, or lifted
From its tomb—a reviving corpse—or a
Skeleton of some old world, it yields to
The Creator's touch, a flexible ball.
Well threaded upon unvarying laws,
Well fashioned, too, He swings out upon
The electric hinges of universal
Fraternity, and tunes her harp to the
Music of ancient spheres. Silent be
The tongue that would depict the rapture of the
Young world in maiden flight! Now for the first
Time its globule form revolves, while gladness
Thrills the frame. The plastic fingers of Love
Fashion the hills, form the shoulder of
Monarchial peaks and set them on their throne.
He smooths the plain and breathes upon the dust,
While silver, gold and diamonds sparkle. He
Scoops out the spacious gulf of all the seas,
And marks the crooked trend of a thousand streams
And rivaling rivers to their great deeps—
Insatiable. Down roll the mighty floods.
Hoar-headed Ararat and sovereign Sinai,
Majestic Horeb, pardoning Calvary,
Are fashioned now, and well suited for a

Purpose. On them the Ark, the Bush, the Law,
And the dying Lamb appear before Him.
All times arise, and events now unborn
Approach His gracious shrine. All triumphs and
Tragedies and fiercely fought conflicts mail
Their bloody records to Him now. On each
He writes His love's design, and squares the whole.
The voices of the years, the anthems of
The ages—commingling song and sighing—
The shouts of joy, the groans of grief, and the
Sad wails of intoxicating despair,
Appeal to Him now. Love answers all and
Mercy makes reply. Sunshine and shadows
Cast their changing scenes with curtains drawn, while
Weeping nations from the cradle creep and
Departing pale and speechless. Kingdoms each
Moment rise, and in a moment fall. Vast
Empires heave and spread themselves like
Overflowing seas, and sink in lasting ruins.
What battles rage! How conquerors win! and Oh!
How soonly too, they fail! Proud kings ascend
And sit on haughty thrones, then nod to Fate.
The warrior's thrilling whoop, the victor's
Lay, the woeful shriek of wounded defeat,
The widow's pitiful wail, the orphan's
Mournful cry; with all singing or sighing,
Cursing or crying, living or dying—
All! all! all! now approach His sovereign ear!
He sees the need of all the progeny

Of man, and makes a greater provision.
To every effort a rich premium is
Set; an answer for every prayer is sent.
Mercy proceeds ere the petitioner
Is born; provides ere the want is felt, and
The blessing is at hand ere the knee-print
Is cold, but only discovered by faith.

Forth called, the conscious floods come rushing
Up, and, at His beckon, go shouting to
Their places. Now first dame Nature murmurs
Low, but with a glad and swelling heart, the
Mysterious sonant of the seas. Loudly
Roars the clamorous flood, and yet 'tis dark.
But louder still a sovereign voice commands,
"Let there be light." Lo! fair Morning throws her
Portals wide—her shining gates ajar, and
Ah! how sweet, how soothing, how golden is
The Dawn! How soon swift-footed night departs!
The sapphire sheet—the firmamental scroll
With engaging loveliness unfolds above.
Long wedded seas divide. Now come the clouds,
Like fleecy caravans refreshed, and
Entering on their pilgrimage of long
And stormy ages, with oceans of Nature's
Milk and wine to soothe the thirst of all her
Crying broods. Now from the listening clod,
Florific and frugiferous, a thousand
Stately forests and fields in verdant mantles

Clad. Eolus' harp is strung; let nature
Sing! Well garbed in his selected dress,
Majestic in splendor, grandly attired,
Magnificently radiant, and with
All the charming beauty of fair Venus,
And, like Narcissus, shall behold his tall
And burning likeness reflected from the deep—
The King of Day ascends his fiery throne!
Less brilliant, but none the less illustrious,
The gentle bride, the weeping queen, the sweet
And loving moon, with silvery tresses,
Comes. Close at her side the singing sisters
Of the night, and less pretentious, too. They
Bathe the earth in all their light, baptizing
Nature in the glorious floods; and all is
Pleasant, sweet and congenial now.

The careering sun, the blushing moon, the
Happy stars, the trooping clouds, the whirling
Winds, the laughing waves, the nodding trees, the
Caressing flowers, the pondering beasts,
The pensive rocks and the engaging plains,
With all else here combined, are messengers
Of love to man, and worshipers of God:
Expressing in themselves the will and affection
Of the Creator, but none His holy
Image bears. Deeply engraven upon
The soul of Nature is the infallible
Law of Love. This all may read; all must its

Mandates heed, or perish by the strong weapon
Of irresistible Fate. What a sweet
Paradise of love! Here all varieties
Harmonize, all diversities blend; all
Tongues, all languages, all voices
Sweetly join in one universal chorus—
One universal theme—LOVE! LOVE! LOVE!

PART II.

LOVE calls his parliament in heaven. The
Trinity assembles. Divinity
Meets Divinity. God confers with God.
The divine Cabinet is in session!
A glorious cloud—snowy, fleecy, white—a
Bleached, an alabaster wall of milky
Majesty—encloses around. From there
Oceans of silver floods, all the heavens
Filling, in all directions flowing, now
Proceed. Ye covering cherubs, stand back;
Recline your holy wing; keep silent if
You can; cry, "Holy! holy!" if you must,
But sink in speechless awe again. And ye
Seraphic legions—six-winged heralds
Of God—halt aloof; wait on your middle
Pinion; your holy feet and faces veil
With equal unworthiness. And if your
Burning bosoms swell, suppress your joys: should
They with rapture high o'errun, let burst a

Glorious "halleluiah," and say no more.
Let heavenly stateliness prevail in
Solemn pomp around, and quiescent grandeur
Hold a sacred guard. All ye bright hierarchy,
Tall, swift messengers of Love, stay your flight,
Nor dare approach the Throne; your longer wing
Of power set, with lightning readiness
Halt till God commands; then sweep from world to
World, and Him obey. Gabriel, take up thy
Trump, hold high in hand and backward lean with
Ember lips set to embrace, and with the
Voice of twice a thousand thunders to tell
Unto the ears of listening worlds the first
Whisper of the Celestial Court. Michael,
Thy flaming blade unsheath, whet well upon
The marble of some burning sphere; and in the
Fist of vengeance boldly drawn—amply keen
To pierce the soul of adamant spirit—
Stand still and wait for swiftest execution.
O Heaven! O Heaven! a moment's pause,
A pensive stillness, an adoring stoop
Is more becoming now than all thy praise.
Hush! hush! the lyrical hum of all thy harps
Of gold. Innumerable hosts!
Arrayed in all your holy files, your
Pinions still; await the proclamation!
What wonders will be wrought! And ah!
What will Almighty Love perform—what will
Jehovah do, and what the issue be!

My little soul, put on thy humbler wings—
Faith's lucid pinions—and soar away to
Heaven, forgetting thy sad surroundings
Here, and viewing the Throne, as the eagle
Eyes the blazing noon, draw near, let down thy
Wings and kneel. This thy petition be: "O
God! O God! Father of love! me, a wretch,
Forgive; a rebel reconcile. And may a
Mortal worm surmise the wonders of his
Own creation?" And now, my soul, approach
The outer door of the High Court of Love,
Nor nearer dare, and hear the contemplation:
"ALL IS GOOD, AND VERY GOOD. LET US MAKE
MAN IN OUR IMAGE, AFTER OUR LIKENESS:
AND LET THEM HAVE DOMINION." And thus the
Responding attributes of all Thy Nature,
Lord, reply:

Love:

"I, the living germ, life's brilliant spark, divine
Vitality, Love's spirit frame, finite,
Yet deiform, bestow on thee. Be thine
Ever to live and love; thy dwelling be
With God; if otherwise, let thy abode
Be darkness, and thy surroundings hateful."

Omnipotence:

"I give the will—unconquerable and
Strong. Be this thy seat of power, thy strength

To do, to enforce, to execute what
God permits. No powers in heaven, earth or
Hell shall thee subdue but love. Obey, and
Thyself preserve ; rebel, thyself destroy."

Omnipresence:

"I donate the Conscience, and thou shalt be—
Be with thyself and with thy God and be
Social being. I keep thy peace, when danger
Nears I warn ; I, the sheriff of God, the
Accuser of transgressors, the voice that
Cries to all eternity, shall arrest thee,
And hold thee strong in chains of love ; nor shall
Thy flight for refuge bring thee gain ; nor shall
The darker shades of night conceal thee from
My view ; nor thunders hush my voice. I judge
Thy deeds according to His love. If I
Defend, though all condemn, be happy still.
If I condemn, though all commend with all
Thy doing hid, be thou a miserable worm !"

Immutability:

"Change thy ways, thy walks, thy words, thy mind and
Heart—thy station change ; but change thy being
Never. I set thee in thy orb—the dear
Bosom of God—a statellite divine.
Thou mayst remain where now thou art, or sink
To death and the dark, still, still a being be."

Eternity:

“Live ever ; die never. If with thy God
Thy lot be cast, be ever blest and glorious
Thy years ; be else ever damned and dying.”

Spirituality:

“I ordain thee unto immortality.
Ever breathe, and breathing, let the music
Of thy breath be an eternal song. But
A little lower than the angels be
The glory of thy being. Go forth unchained,
Untrammelled, free ; and none shall bar thy
Entrance at any door but God. Him, Him obey
And ever be a happy son ; be thou
Otherwise an outcast orphan spirit.”

Unity:

“With the fetters of divine love I chain
Thee to the throne of God—thy immovable
Anchor, and thy heart to all thy fellows.
Its elastic links shall permit thee a
Wide and glorious range. Thus ever bound,
Be ever safe ; one severed link lets drop
To dark eternal ruin—a lost wretch.”

Omniscience:

“I give Cognition—a pure primordial
Germ. I Reason’s holy temple build, and

Rear his intellectual towers, and
Set his altars up, and place the vessels
There. Genius is thy archangel, thy prophet,
Thy forerunner, and he shall mark as God
Directs the course of pilgrim Thought through all thy
Wandering. Imagination shall be
Thy wing to bear thee safely over chasms
Yet unspanned; on it thou mayst traverse
All space, and journey long in other worlds.
Be prudent now, thy golden vessels fill;
Be brute-like, otherwise—a mortal fool.”

Wisdom:

“I ignite the sentient flame, Intelligence.
Have light in thee—the palace of thy soul—
And in thy altars ever burn the golden
Candlestick. This castle shall be thy mart
Of mind, and thy moral exchange. Trade thou
Wisely then, and richer grow. Lay well in
Store against the eternal winters. Deal
Often with thy God; engage celestial
Caravans—angelic merchants—to bring
Thy merchandise from afar—Love’s purest
Gold covet. Seek other than His love to
Enrich thee, and the worms of sin shall eat
Into thy heart and spoil thy store. Thus done,
Black vaporous Night shall shroud thee in the
Tattered robe of hell, with Death thy bed-guest.”

Holiness:

“Rectitude! rectitude! be this the posture
Of a being toward his God, his fellow
And the brute. Thy head with righteousness
I crown; thy mind with meekness set; thy tongue
I touch with Love’s holy live-coal; thy form
With purity I clothe; thy feet with virtue
Shod. Stand up, and be thou holy like thy God.”

Truth:

“Divine reality I give; and be
It the case—the fact. Thou art a being
Now and God will ever own thee. Exist,
And nothing shall annihilate. Be thou
The truth in thyself, in relation to
All mind, matter, spirit; and to time and
All eternity. Think, speak, act, live, love,
Believe, receive and defend the truth—the
Essence of thy nature. Truth be thy priest—
The trumpeter of thy praise—the guardian
Of thy life—the fortress of thy love.
O’er all thy devotion he shall preside,
And present thine offerings to the Throne.
He shall dwell in Memory’s holy place and
Keep the sacred archives. And whether to
The judgment bar of thine own soul, or to
Thy neighbor’s, or thy God’s, thou art brought,
He shall bear the records beneath his arm,

And testify of thee through time and all
 Eternity. Forsake it once and thy
 God shall be forgotten, Heaven swept from
 View, Love's light withdrawn; and with witch-like
 arms
 Hell shall hug thee to her sickly embrace,
 Whose horny-headed crew shall gore thee mad."

Justice:

"I endow thee with judgment. Thou shalt have
 Power to decide, enact, legislate,
 Adjudicate, organize and govern.
 Reason shall dictate the proceedings of
 Thy court. Love shall be thy highest law, thy
 Sovereign rule in equity. Mete, and
 It shall be measured back to thee; judge,
 As thou judgest, thou shalt so be judged. And
 Then report thyself before God's bar."

Mercy:

"I, Love's only daughter—the Darling
 Attribute, do breathe in thee compassion,
 The softest, sweetest and divinest kiss
 Of love, and lo! thou art lovely. So be
 Thou to all thy fellows. I embrace thee
 With goodness; I impart to thee benevolence;
 I conceal in thee rich treasures of
 Infinite kindness, and he who
 Wields the wand of love shall find. This shall be

Thy everlasting glory; this, none can
Steal from thee save thy own self; and this, if
Ever lost, cannot on earth be found; 'tis
Only kept in heaven. 'Tis the nectar
Of thy soul—the honey of song—the smile
Of beauty—the substance of life—the flower
Of life—God's golden chain around the heart!
It shall make thy presence desirable;
Thy song shall be implored, thy look embraced,
Thy counsel sought and treasured, thy being loved.
And in what circle thou shalt move that shall
Be heaven. Where love is not, is hell! Be
Thou merciful, not only to thy kin,
But even to the brute. And being thus,
The highest throne, the fairest realm, brightest
Crown, be thine to reign unthreatened and undoomed,
While angels rejoice to wed thine arm,
And join their happy destinies with yours."

And Father Love thus speaks again, "Now let
The whole in ME dissolve. Be thou conceived,
Be thou baptized, be thou brought forth a
LIVING SOUL! I name the creature MAN."

The Parliament adjourns. Creation's
Wondrous scheme receives the crowning touch.
The body is made a sacred temple
Of magnificent dust. The cathedral of
Mind and the soul's blest Sanctum Sanctorum!

Mysterious Architecture! thou Son of Love, I have breathed in thee the life of God—a spark divine. I've set mine image In this earthen urn, enclosing it with Clay. 'Tis not a passing shadow; 'tis not A fleeting breath; but Love's immortal stamp—His likeness infinite—a second self—The alter ego of thy God. Endurable, Indelible, unannihilable, Shall be the athanasia spark to all Eternity. Unclouded, unbegloomed, Through all thy nature it shall shine, and still From every pore. And from thy diaphanous Form—mirroring to all the photo of Thy God—shall flow a thousand brilliant streams To all creation's bounds. These relucant Rays shall awe the straggling beast to tameness And charm the birds to sing. This shall sustain Thy sovereignty over all; by this Alone shall all both know and love thee as King. The plodding brute shall stoop about thy Shrine and bow his willing head in humble Supplication for a smile. The feathered Orchestra shall crowd the pavilion of Eolus and sing to thy delight. The Four winds shall approach thee and softly Breathe the mountain sonnet to thine ear, and The far-away seas, where nether breakers Lave, shall send to thee a welcome sound. When

On the seashore thou shalt stand—a radiant
Being—a statue of magnificent
Dust—the finny tribes shall view thee from the
Deep, and congregate at thy shrine, singing
In zestful muteness 'mid the seas. Thou shalt
Give them all a name according to their
Natural bent. At eve thou shalt stand and
Gaze above, reading the silver-paged
Volumes of the heavens, communing with
Each mysterious gem. When turned aside
To dream upon thy bed of roses, thy
Spirit shall ascend a golden ladder
Escorted by thy elder kin—the angels—
Thy flight shall not be wearisome, nor faintness
Wear the heart; but entering brighter portals,
And fairer realms, thou mayest commingle in
Social bliss with thy brothers of the skies.
There drink from nobler springs and chant loftier
Lays until the silver lips of Morn shall
Kiss thy eyelids wake. Vast as thine eyes may
Now survey this broad expanse, lo! thy own
Dominion lies. Over height and depth thy
Scepter wield, sustained by high heaven.
Its gates shall not be shut against thy wants,
Nor shall thy humbler station be disdained
By thy seraph kin. None shall thy love—life's
Vital germ—destroy; none shall its light with
Cruel darkness hide, and none thy liberty
Proscribe except you turn from me, thus all

My love ignoring. Thou art a living
Soul—true likeness of the universal
SOUL—true image of thy God—thyself a
Son. Remember ever thy Father's love,
And my commandments keep. And this is love,
The Tree of Life; its fruit shall feed thy wants
With all thy soul can wish. And this, the Tree
Of Death. Choose for thyself. If not content
To only know the good, thou wouldst know evil,
Too; such knowledge seek and death is found. Go
Forth. Lo! Paradise await thee, make for
Thyself a heaven or fashion thy own hell.

The Heavenly Choir.

“Holy! holy!! holy!!!”

Bright angelic armies singing,
O'er the hills their courses winging,
Down the vale the anthem ringing;

Wondrous song!

Shimmering in all their flight
As they mount the lofty height,
Like a thousand worlds of light

Together strung.

“Holy! holy!! holy!!!”

Cherubim the chorus wedding,
Far their limpid pinions spreading,
Beams of wondrous glory shedding

Here and there:

Wondrous theme by angels sung,
From Elysium's altars flung,
From each fiery harp and tongue
Everywhere.

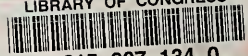
“Holy! holy!! holy!!!”
Everywhere the creatures flying,
Loud, harmonious voices crying,
Distant worlds to them replying
From abroad:
“Holy! holy!” all conspire,
Striking every flute and lyre;
Sings the universal choir
Unto God.

“Holy! holy!! holy!!!”
Morning stars are downward driven,
Cleaving the cerulean heaven;
Let your song to earth be given,
Earth, adore!
Praise with all the shining host,
Lost in love—in wonder lost,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Evermore!

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